

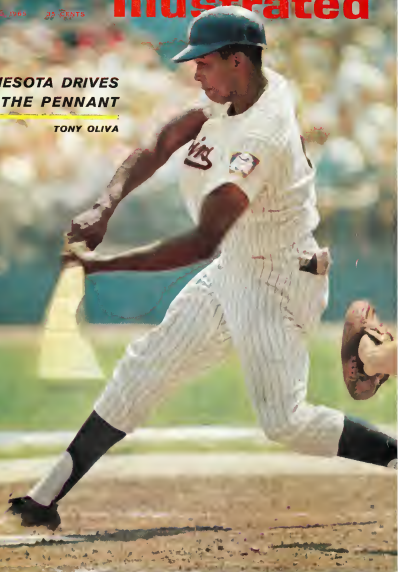
Sports Illustrated

TITLE: Part 2

AUGUST 15, 1989 25 CENTS

**MINNESOTA DRIVES
FOR THE PENNANT**

TONY OLIVA



Now, 4-wheel drive has a **hot new** action look.



**The only
station wagon
that offers
all three:**

1. 4-wheel drive

Twice the traction of ordinary wagons! Go ahead, leave the road, handle mud, sand, snow—drive with peace of mind over road conditions you wouldn't tackle with your present wagon! Handsome new styling... with the heart of a mountain goat!

2. V/8 power



New 'Vigilante' V-8 pecks 250 hp. All the power and highway performance you expect—plus extra power off the road, when the going's rough. New 145 hp Hi-Torque 6-cylinder engine also available.

3. Turbo Hydra-Matic



Famous Turbo Hydra-Matic® automatic transmission gives you quicker, quieter shifting... smooth acceleration.

Dual range transfer case included.

Power steering, power brakes available. No wagon tops its performance! **KAISER JEEP CORPORATION**

'Jeep' Wagoneer

You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer!

© 1971 Kaiser Jeep Corporation. All rights reserved. EXCEPT WHERE SHOWN OTHERWISE.

Come home with us to Paris

Let us tell you about Paris in the fall: That's when it springs to life.

The opera, ballet and theatre seasons begin. The Parisians return from their vacations. The wine grapes are harvested.

The brisk autumn air makes walking a joy. And the crowds depart, making it easier to get a room with a view or a

choice table at your favorite café.

This is true not only in Paris, but all over Europe.

That's why Air France offers 59 Boeing 707 jets a week to Paris from New York, Boston, Washington, D.C., Chicago, Los Angeles and Montreal. Plus over 300 round-the-clock Caravelle jet connections

a week to Europe's other principal cities.

To fly to Paris aboard Air France is to have Paris come to you. You'll discover why genuine French cuisine and service are so honored the world over. And you'll be in the hands of skillful 7-million-mile pilots.

Let your travel agent help you plan your getaway.

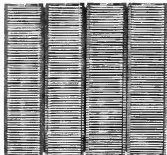


What can you do in Paris's celebrated gardens of the Tuileries? Nothing. Beautifully.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE
a Value Service



Argus thinks round-tray slide projectors are square.



Why?

Because it takes exactly the same space to store one round tray with 80 slides as it takes to store four Argus trays holding a total of 240 slides.

Because unlike round-tray projectors, all Argus slide projectors are completely self-contained, portable and can be carried with tray in place.

Because Argus slide projectors let you edit slides with the tray in place.

Because Argus slide trays are more economical. (They cost less on a per slide basis).

Because you can carry four 60-slide Argus trays in just one hand. (Try that with four round trays).

Because the Argus 543 Automatic Slide Projector is everything *but* square. Its remote control feature lets you change slides, focus, and switch to forward

or reverse, from clear across the room. It has a single-slide editor, brilliant 500-watt projection, rugged metal case and a price tag under \$90. Like all Argus products, it's covered by that incredible Argus unconditional guarantee. It protects you for one full year, not just from "defective materials and workmanship", but from everything, including kids, dogs and accidents.

argus

ARGUS PROJECTORS INC. 10000 KENNEDY RD. CINCINNATI, OHIO 45215



Contents

AUGUST 23, 1965 Volume 23, No. 8

Cover photograph by Amos Drake

16 Everybody Pick Up a Drum

Beat hi-jackers but attended by musclet, the Mississauga Twins have taken charge of the American League

20 Texas Teeners Strike Back

Revenge for a defeat in the country's top high school football game was the object, and Texas got it

24 Diary of a Career in Turmoil

Dave Marr won the PGA, and the daily trials of Arnold Palmer raised questions about his future

32 ¡Ole! for the Brave Club Taurino!

Artist Marc Simon records the adventures of the bull-fight club of New York on a (work) trip to Spain

40 The Y. A. Tittle Story: Part 2

Yan exchanges military in San Francisco for fame and adulation in New York

56 Le Style Far West

It's back to the ranch in Paris these days, and the cowboy clothes worn to le barbecue are made in France

72 The Old Men of the Sea

The Bottom Scramblers of San Diego are still in love with drag, a sport they pioneered 35 years ago

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 9 Scorecard | 64 Skiing |
| 56 Sporting Look | 85 Baseball's Week |
| 60 Golf | 86 For the Record |
| 63 People | 87 19th Hole |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, except one issue in June and bi-monthly postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$7.50 per year. This issue published as seasonal and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions available at a charge for as follows: Toronto, R1-R4, E1-E4, Buffalo metropolitan, R1-R4, E1-E4, C1-C2; New York metropolitan, R1-R4, E1-E4, NY1-NY2; Milwaukee, MI-M4, C1-C2; western, WI-W4, C1-C2; Portland metropolitan, WI-W4, C1-C2; Los Angeles metropolitan, WI-W4, T1-T2; southern, SI-S4, Florida, R1-R4, E1-E4, SI-S4.

Credits on page 86

Next week

OUR DAVIS CUPPERS will underdogs, now invade Barcelona to play Spain. Frank Deford goes with them to record this latest skirmish on the long road to the Challenge Round.

"BO, JAZZY" the crowds plead, and the Frenchman, who drinks whiskey and wine and smokes cigarettes, goes—faster than any motor before. A report by Edwin Strake.

A FISH CROW, smaller version of the common crow, is both subject and symbol in Bill Gilbert's powerful, sensitive story of children, adults and the intractability of nature.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Sports Illustrated

Garry Ball

Controversy seems to be an essential ingredient of American sport, not a byproduct. Any good contest is likely to mean a good argument in the letters column, and a bad contest an even better one. From the vantage point of this office—and our vantage point is strategically located out of reach of both sides—it sometimes seems that sports-writers and readers are alike. They are eager to take one side or another in any subject open to dispute. The resulting controversy may be about a close pennant race. But it may also be concerned with the slaughter of kangaroos in Australia, the popularity of curling in Seattle, or Bill Vecek.

A common belief persists that the most unbridgeable conflict is between so-called "spectator" and "participant" sportsmen. People who like spectator sports go to football games and baseball games and enjoy watching highly trained players perform. People who hunt or fish or sail boats or climb mountains tend to think of sport in terms of participation, and have no interest in spectacles where they only sit and watch. Spectators and participants both object to the space and attention given the other. Or so the argument runs.

Well, this issue spans a wide range of midsummer events, and it is difficult to say whether they belong in either camp. The article by Alfred Wright on Arnold Palmer and the PGA tournament that begins on page 24 gives us a dramatic setting in the green hills of Palmer's native Pennsylvania countryside at a moment in his career when golfers everywhere are disputing the question of his future. Since the gallery at Ligonier numbered more than 50,000, the tournament probably belongs with the spectator sports. But not many people follow tournament golfers unless they also play golf, at least enough to share the drama of occasions of this sort.

John Underwood's article on the game between the best high school football team in Texas and the best high

school football team in Pennsylvania (page 20) might also be classified as having to do with a spectator sport. However, some 24,000 citizens of Pennsylvania have become involved in the parades and festivities connected with the event, not to mention the thousands of high school students in Texas and Pennsylvania who agonized over its outcome. The game is also news of greater or lesser moment to high school football players throughout the U.S. whose training begins in a few weeks. There are 800,000 high school students turning out for football at the start of a school year. Figures like these make the line between spectator and participant sports seem pretty blurry.

Marc Simon's graphic commentary on the New York aficionados who journeyed to Spain to watch bullfights (page 32), Jule Campbell's discovery of the new enthusiasm in Paris for blue jeans and Wild West clothing (page 56), Bob Ottum's account of the skiing disaster in Chile (page 64) help illustrate the wide spectrum of sport—watching and performing—with which we deal. William Leggett's article on the drive of the Minnesota Twins for the American League pennant (page 16) tells of a group of highly resilient performers who are being watched these days with hypnotic intensity by thousands of fans in Minneapolis and St. Paul and thereabouts. Coles Phinizy's essay, *The Old Men of the Sea* (page 72), shows sport at an opposite extreme. The dedicated pioneers who appear in it began exploring the rocks under San Diego Bay three decades ago with no spectators whatever. They merely developed their distinctive sort of art and adventure, and in the process founded modern sports diving in America. Trying to force such varied kinds of activity into a rigid pattern of spectator or participant sports means the loss of some of their innate excitement. We have found that the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* reader generally has a favorite sport but rarely has a mind closed to interesting comment on the favorite sports of others.

Editor-in-Chief: Hedley Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Haskell
President: James A. Linn
Senior Staff Editor: Thomas Giffith

Editorial Chairman: Henry R. Luce
Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor: André Laguerre
Executive Editor: Richard W. Johnson
Assistant Managing Editor: John Tobey, Roy Tennill
Art Director: Richard Gargill

Senior Editors: Walter Baughman, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur L. Brantley, Robert Cantwell, Ray Cavell, Robert Cooney, Arthur Crockett, Roger S. Howlett, Gerald Holland, Norman Kane, Hamilton B. Martin, Jack Olsen, Colin Platts, Kenneth Ryckman, Fred R. Smith, Jeremiah Lutz, Whittier Towner, Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Gwyneth S. Brown, Joseph Carroll, Dan Jenkins, William Leggett, Bob Olsen, Lindsey Knight, Frank Shuler, L. E. Thompson, John Underwood, M. R. Warner, Les Woodcock

Staff Writers: Tom C. Brady, Frank Deford, Alton Huggins, Marven Hyman, Joe Jans, Vincent Kraft, Mark Kratz, Barbara L. Leonard, Lisa Linder, John Lott, Jack Mann, Harold Pennington, Liz Smith, Hugh D. Wood

Photography: PICTURE EDITOR, John M. Strubberg; COPY, George B. Buchanan, assistants, Betty Dahl, Dorothy Mose, CONSULTING PHOTOGRAPHERS, Phil Roth, Gary Cooke, James Drake, Walter Jones Jr., Ned Lurie, Richard Mook, Marvin L. Newman, Herb Scherfman, Brian Seed, Art Sharp, Tony Truitt

Writer-Reporters: Curtis, Honor Fitzpatrick, Duncan Garner, Julie Campbell, Peggy Downey, Gay Flood, Mary Jane Hodges, Pamela Knight, Patricia Ryan, Monte Sharick, Paul R. Stewart, Herman Winkler, Nancy Williamson

Reporters: Mary Storr, John Luch, Felicia Lee, Terrell MacDonald, Rose Marie Mendez, Mark Melroy, Ted Murphy, Paula Phelps, Judith Pridgen, Gary Rosen, Lisa Schmitt, Anita Varticovski

Special Correspondents: Charles Goren, (Gandy), Carlton Mitchell (Fuchsia), John O'Reilly (Nausea), William F. Talbot (Tennis)

Producers: Gene W. Ulnach (Manager), William Goren, Francis J. Sullivan, John J. Bennett, Gottlieb (CMA), Joe Joe Woodbury, Betty DeMunnor, Geraldine Sammons, Helen Taylor

Administrative Assistant: Maureen Harris

Art Department: Harvey Gray, Marv Nathan (Assistant Designer), William Bennett, Brenda F. Maltby, Catherine Stetler, Thomas Velderschmidt

Editorial Assistants: Joan Lindholm, Theodore Stephens

Special Correspondents: Earl Banta, ARTHUR ALTON, ELEANOR MALONE; ALBUQUERQUE, Andy Noyes; ANKARA, Ann Meyer; AUSTIN (Texas), Jenny Baker; BALTIMORE, Walter Ward; BIRMINGHAM, Dan Hendricks; BIRMINGHAM (Week), Dolly Connolly; BOSTON, Leo Mahoney; BUFFALO, Dick Johnson; CINCINNATI, Carson City (Week), Ray Magpie Jr.; CHARLOTTE (S.C.), Warren Kucner; CHARLOTTE (N.C.), Ronald Lerner; CHICAGO with UFA, Chris Cramer; CHICAGO, William Hartigan; CINCINNATI, Jim Sullivan; CLEVELAND, Charlie Hixson; COLUMBUS (Ohio), Kate Kessler; DALLAS, Fort Worth, Wes Wade, Dennis, Bob Brown, Don Mottet, Bill Bryson, Dennis, Pete Waldner; GREENSBORO (N.C.), Smith Barnett; HANNOVER (Pa.), John F. Cowan; HANSON, Jack Gallagher; INDIANAPOLIS, George Moore; JACKSONVILLE, Bill Kunkin; KANSAS CITY, Thomas (City); KANSAS CITY, H. E. Day; LAKE PERRY (Texas), George King; LEANING (Ky.), Larry Van Housen; LITTLE ROCK (Ark.), Dwyne Hickey; LOS ANGELES, Jack Tabin; LOUISVILLE, Larry Truitt; MEMPHIS, Charles Gillespie; MIAMI, Edna Pope; MINNEAPOLIS, Dick Gargill; NASHVILLE, George Barker; NEW ORLEANS, Peter J. Parys; OKLAHOMA CITY, Bob DeFinger; OMAHA, Hollis Lunscomb; PHOENIX, George Moore, Phoenix (Ariz.), Frank Gagliardi; PITTSBURGH, Eddie Buchanan; PORTLAND (Ore.), John Wayne; PRINCETON, John Hamilton; SAN LUIS VALLEY, George Fitzpatrick; SAN ANTONIO, John Jans; SAN DIEGO, Al Connors; SAN FRANCISCO, Art Rosenbaum; SEATTLE, Everett Watson; SOUTH BEND (Ind.), Joe Doyle; ST. LOUIS, Bob Morrison; ST. PETERSBURG (Fla.), Gordon Kanner; SPRINGFIELD (Ill.), William Clark; TAMPA, (Fla.), Bill McGrothe; WASH. (Texas), Dave Campbell; WASHINGTON, D.C., Martin Zaid; WILSON-JAMES (N.C.), Mel Mann

Canada: Montreal, Arthur Segal; OTTAWA, Gordon Deneau; TORONTO, Rex MacLeod; VANCOUVER, Eric Woodhead

Foreign Editor: CHIEF, Richard M. Charnin; DEPUTY, John Boyle

Publisher: Garry Ball
Advertising Sales Director: Robert C. Bissell
Circulation Director: Robert E. Cowin



Selecting lobsters for dinner, St. George's Harbour

Bermuda lobsters are so British they wear Her Majesty's crown.

In Bermuda even crustaceans are patriotically British. The shells actually have an imperial crown right on their backs.

More important, they taste so succulent that—according to visiting gourmets—they alone merit the 774-mile trip from New York.

Our lobster season begins September 1. But should you arrive early, other feasts await. Our French, Swiss and Italian chefs can add a continental dash to such native delicacies as Rockfish Chowder with Sherry Peppers.

In Bermuda, you're never more than a half-mile from the Atlantic—warm, reef-protected, graced by scores of immaculate pink beaches.



Tantalizingly clear water. Because our water is so clear, you can do almost as much sight-seeing underwater as above. You snorkel through sea gardens, feed exotic fish by hand

Britain's pressure-less life. Even though Bermuda is less than 2 jet hours from the States, it is British through and through. Splendidly British in its sports and ceremonies. In its attentive Old World service.

It is uncompromisingly British in its insistence upon proper dress. "Short shorts" are definitely "out."

Civilization with a tropical accent. You zip about on a motor-assisted cycle through lanes shaded by allspice, royal palm, and match-me-if-you-can, past quaint colonial houses with dazzling white roofs.

Fun has a thousand names. Bermuda offers everything from surrey-riding to deep-sea fishing. From antiquing to water skiing. From calypso to fashion shows.

And that favorite sport of the ladies: bargain shopping. Woolens, cameras, watches, china, sterling—priced 20% to 60% below U.S.

For children, too. Parents say that Bermuda is a marvellous place to take their offspring. Bermuda's fun has no age limits!

The nice part is that you can have a holiday from the children as well as ask them. Our Bermuda nannies are ready to take charge when you choose.



Accommodations are as varied as the island itself. They range from luxurious hotels to unique Bermuda guest houses and cottage colonies. (These are a cluster of private cottages where you have a maid to do housekeeping and serve breakfast on the terrace.)

Caution: Do your Bermuda planning early. Because Bermuda is so small, see your travel agent soon. Or write Bermuda, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20 • 6 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 2 • 111 Richmond St., W. Toronto.



You can't buy this buoy lamp except from Johnnie Walker.



Mail to: Johnnie Walker Buoy Lamp
P.O. Box 1985, Dept. RB-628

Grand Central Agency

New York City, N. Y. 10017

Please send () Johnnie Walker
Buoy Lamp(s).

☐ Red ☐ Black

\$9.95 each, 2 for \$19.90 (Postpaid)

Check or money order payable to
Canada Dry Corporation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Offer good in Continental U.S.A. only

It's an authentic buoy replica, 20 inches high, with a sprightly hand-painted Johnnie Walker stepping out on the base. It's all-steel with a tote shade, made to last a lifetime on sea or land. Because there are two kinds of Johnnie Walker Scotch and two colors for buoys, there are two lamps.

The Johnnie Walker Red Label lamp is bright red, an internationally known sea-mark, just as Johnnie Walker Red Label is the inter-

national best-selling Scotch.

The other is black, for Johnnie Walker Black Label, the perfect blend of more than 40 Highland malt whiskies plus just the right amount of mature aged Scotch grain whisky.

Both lamps are appropriate in den, bar, or wherever yachtsmen gather. Send us \$9.95 and we'll send you the lamp of your choice. Or purchase both lamps for \$19.90. A really fine value.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 60.5 PROOF IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

BOOKTALK

The wilderness finds eloquent new spokesmen
in fiction and in fiction on conservation problems

In the opening scene of James Fenimore Cooper's *The Pioneers* a party of travelers on a wilderness road saw a fine buck leap from the woods before them. Shots were fired. The buck "sprang to a great height in the air, and directly a second discharge, similar to the first, followed"—so wrote Cooper, in his characteristic sprang-rhythm prose—"when the animal came to the earth, falling headlong." And two hunters began arguing which had shot the deer.

The place where they quarreled, above the headwaters of the Sasquahanna River and near where the Bausch Hall of Fame has been built in Cooperstown, N.Y., is so carefully described you can recognize it driving along Route 80. American fiction began with a story of conservation. There are two themes in *The Pioneers*: 1) the country is becoming too crowded and 2) the wilderness must be preserved. That was the way the situation seemed to Cooper back in 1791. And conservation has remained a durable subject in American literature ever since—not so much in fiction as in a distinctive sort of narrative conservation document, partly a nature essay, derived from Thoreau, partly a scientific study, but, in any case, containing an appeal to protect some threatened species or to defend some beloved region.

In *The Destruction of California* (Macmillan, \$5.95) Dr. Raymond Dasman says that unless the population growth of California is checked there can be only "stop-gap emergency measures for preserving the landscape and making life bearable in this once-golden state." People have simply moved in too fast. In Dasman's childhood the population was about three million. It jumped to seven million by 1941, then skyrocketed to the present 19 million. A biologist, zoologist and professor of wildlife management, Dr. Dasman says that the rate of increase makes effective conservation planning impossible.

The numbers involved make Deenslayer's problems seem minor, yet the conservation dilemma remains essentially the same. The most disturbing change involves water. The current California plan is "the most massive engineering undertaking attempted anywhere." Every river in the state is to be dammed. Yet waste is the factor largely responsible for water crises. After World War II, Las Vegas and Reno gamblers built casinos and skyscraper hotels on the Nevada side of Lake Tahoe. The raw sewage was dumped into the lake, and as buildings spread through land that had once been only high-mountain catcountry even the bright-blue lake water was changing color. The threat of federal action forced a last-minute new age-disposal program in that case,

continued

SEIKO—
the official timer
of the 1964
World Olympics

Seiko
Ingenuity
comes to the
calendar
watch



Bracelet watch shown
Model #1052 list \$99.50

Introducing
the first instant calendar watch with
the day and date in a single window!

But that's not all that is exclusive about this great new timepiece. Just look at the list of features: Seiko's instant date change. In just a click, date is changed... backwards or forwards. No need to turn the hands in 24 hour cycles to reset date. Fully automatic day-date single window calendar... 17 jewels... self-winding (360° ball bearing rotor)... stainless steel case... waterproof* to 98.3 feet

... exclusive "Dashock" shock resistant... applied raised dial... sweepsecond accuracy... stainless steel link bracelet with adjustable center snap. It is pace-setting features like these starting at \$49.50 list that set Seiko watches apart from the ordinary... and makes Seiko the

world's largest selling jeweled lever watch.

*Providing seals restored if opened

SEIKO
Modern Masters of Time

Seiko Time Corporation • 9 Rockefeller Plaza • New York, New York 10020



NOT BY GOLF ALONE

need man live at The Equinox. After playing the superlative 6750 yard course you may volley on new tennis courts, cast for mountain trout or swim in the modern pool—all on 1600 acres of country club privacy.

Nearby are historic New England sites and the 5 state view from towering Mt. Equinox.

A magnificent, diversified cuisine, nightly dancing and entertainment and accommodations designed for dreaming round out your Equinox stay.

Why not treat your family or foursome to an Equinox weekend or vacation soon.



New York—790 smooth miles, Boston—148, Albany—58. Commercial airlines to nearby Belfast.

The
Equinox
HOUSE and LODGES
MANCHESTER, VERMONT

For details and reservations: Your local agency or Thomas F. Farley, President and Managing Director

BOOKTALK *continued*

but again the sudden population increase had made effective planning for recreation and conservation impossible.

Not that the destruction of California began with the mobs in the parks and on the beaches. Overgrazing began with the Spaniards. Most of California was once covered with tall oatgrass, wild rye, needlegrass and other nourishing grass. With its voracious thoroughness it was replaced by tarweed, thistles, yellow mustard and the bare and dusty hills one sees along the roads—"elsewhere in North America nothing quite so sinking has taken place." The redwood forests, too, have gone down with appalling speed, especially the big trees, upwards of 4,000 years old. The original redwood forest of two million acres is down to 750,000 acres. Some 16 billion board feet of old-growth redwood timber remains, but it is being cut at the rate of a billion feet a year, though good redwood lumber can be produced from young trees just as well.

Dr. Dasmann is haunted by a vision of what life might be like if the land were not despoiled. The recuperative power of nature is as impressive as man's ability to destroy. Deer were counted in California in 1921 because they were carrying hoof-and-mouth disease, 40,000 were found, and over 22,000 were killed. But by 1940 the California herds were estimated to be at least a million.

"Use, but don't waste," old Deerslayer thundered to the settlers in *The Pioneers*, when he saw them slaughtering the passenger pigeons. "The Lord won't see the waste of His creatures for nothing. Ain't the woods His work? Wasn't the woods made for the bears and birds to harbor in?" One of the troubles with conservation literature since Deerslayer's day, however, is that the battles seem to have been lost long ago, the trees have been cut down, the species exterminated. One bright exception among the current conservation books is *Black Brant, Sea Goose of the Pacific Coast* (University of Washington Press, \$5), a report on an endangered bird that has made a comeback (to about 165,000, at the beginning of this year). A smallish bird (2½ to 3½ pounds), slate black and gray with a white collar, greatly relished by epicures, said to fly faster than any other goose (it has been clocked at 62 miles per hour), the black brant is a wary migrant, never numerous, that breeds in a mare of coastal lakes between the Yukon and the Kuskokwim rivers. They came into the news briefly in 1959. Depressed because the black brant would not breed in captivity (and the eggs usually did not hatch if they were moved), an Oregon farmer named James Elliott flew to the breeding grounds to conduct a sort of hen-house raid of epic proportions. He figured that if he could pick up eggs just before they hatched, the birds might live in Oregon. After a flight of nearly 2,000 miles he scooped up 27 eggs in 30



BLUE BIRD wanderlodge

This family cruiser is rugged, yet luxuriously tailored for comfort—perfect for extended vacations or that occasional weekend away from it all. WANDERLODGE offers uniqueness... no towing of living quarters, no reservations or check-out time, only miles of flawless performance and all around luxury living... From \$17,000. For a WANDERLODGE BROCHURE, write: Blue Bird, Dept. 51, Fort Valley, Georgia.



Philadelphia's
Finest Inn
is inn
New Jersey!

Cherry Hill Inn
Route 58 at Haddonfield Rd.
Cherry Hill, N.J.
For Reservations: 609/ND 2-7200

Chamberlayne JUNIOR COLLEGE
CO-ED IN BACK BAY, BOSTON
3 YEAR PROGRAM:
• Early admission • American • English • Science • Math • Music • Physical Education • Foreign Languages • Art • Social Studies • History • Economics • Business • Health • Home Economics • Languages • Literature • Philosophy • Religion • Science • Social Sciences • Sports • Theater • Visual Arts
• IEM DATA PROCESSING LAB
• Computer • Video • Audio • Graphics • Photography
Devotionals • Social/Recreational Activities
FOR CATALOGUE WRITE OR IN A REQUEST
FOR CATALOGUE ADDRESS: CHAMBERLAYNE

YOU HELP MORE
THE UNITED WAY



You will see more outstanding sports photography this year because more outstanding sports photographers are switching to Nikon

Nikon F is the earnest camera for people in earnest about photography. See your Nikon Dealer, or write: Nikon Inc. 623 Stewart Ave., Garden City, N.Y. 11533
Subsidiary of Elcon Photo-Optical Industries, Inc.

Crompton Corduroy just acts rich.

It can afford to with the energetic design of Seven Seas. The ease is Crompton's midsize corduroy in a pair of slacks complete with tunnel loops and an elasticized striped belt that reverses to the same solid.

Be practical. Buy them in deerskin, weathered bronze, green, black or fleece. Sizes 28-42.

Then put a down payment on a motorcycle.

Slacks by Seven Seas available at

Wallach's, New York, Kennedy's, Boston.

Raleigh Haberdashery, Washington, D.C.

Crompton Richmond Company, Inc. 1071 Avenue of the Americas, NY 10

Slacks about \$11.
Without belt about \$10.



Vespa about \$340.

BOOKTALK

miner's cabin; the door blows shut behind her, and she becomes the prisoner of an old man somewhat awed by finding this unexpected visitor when he comes home that night. There are, however, no platoon questions in this eagle's world; nobody says, "How in the world did that get in there?" or anything so banal. The reader may never quite believe that the bird thinks as Mr. Murphy says it does—"They stared at each other, the eagle held from the heights, tense as a strong coiled spring, watchful and arrogant"—and a false note would probably make the situation ludicrous. But there are no false notes, and the author's profound knowledge of wildlife in general gives an authority to his writing that lulls the reader into accepting what he says as his eagle's mental processes.

The worldwide character of the conservation problem is brought sharply into focus in a book published last month in London, *Water & Life*, by Lorna and Margery Milne (Deutsch, \$3.50). This is a pioneering study of water in terms of world use, and gives an enlightening perspective on the way U.S. problems look compared with those of the rest of the world. The work of a husband and wife team of exploring scientists, *Water & Life* is also a study of water in relation to the needs of all species, rather than of man alone. The findings are memorable. Man is remarkably dependent on freshwater supplies. Gorillas seem to be able to survive without drinking any. Kangaroo rats, after weaning, may go a lifetime without taking a drink. Our first nine months, however, are almost as aquatic as any fish. Once born, three-tenths of our weight carries the seven-tenths of our physical structure that consists of water. A loss of more than one-tenth of that water is fatal.

What the Milnes call for is not a change in our needs, but a reappraisal of our habits. If the rest of the world used (and wasted) water the way the Americans do, mankind would face a global water shortage within 20 years. Archaic sewage systems are a scandal everywhere; they are the modern world's equivalent of the slaughter of the passenger pigeons. Perhaps cattle require too much water as a dry land for our good. A pound of beefsteak costs 30,000 pounds of water. In the dry lands of Rhodesia herds of antelopes and zebras are now being profitably raised for meat on land too dry for cattle, horses and sheep. Perhaps deer rather than cattle should be raised for food on semi-arid plains in Texas and the Southwest. Sometimes the authors' knowledge of water lore leads them afield—they suggest that an Arab wants two wives so he can keep one at home while the other goes for water—but in general their wide travels and fresh perspective give a distinctive flavor to an important conservation study.

—ROBERT CANTWELL

How do you test for quality? One way—rack a car over a massive cobblestone road 5,000 times. Another way is to

drive your test cars 17,000,000 miles a year. Ford Motor Company does both of these tests—and thousands more!



Ford Motor Company builds quality in—
Quality Car Care keeps it in



Genuine parts are on hand at Ford and Lincoln-Mercury Dealers. They also have factory-trained mechanics, special tools. That's Quality Car Care, designed to keep service costs at a minimum.



"...and have a pleasant vacation." Quality Car Care at your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury Dealer may be as simple as adjusting a trailer hitch. Yet you'll find it's service with a personal touch.

**Only at FORD and
LINCOLN-MERCURY DEALERS**



RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

CLARK RIDES TIGER TO WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP!



63 WINNER: South African Grand Prix, Belgian Grand Prix, Grand Prix of France, British Grand Prix, Holland Grand Prix and Grand Prix of Germany

On August 1, in the Grand Prix of Germany, Jimmy Clark wrapped up the 1965 Formula 1 World Championship and made racing history. Never before had a driver won both the Grand Prix title and the Indianapolis 500. And he had a Tiger in his tank all the way. Humble and its international affiliates supplied Jimmy with the fuels—from quality gasolines to exotically blended alcohols—to give him top performance in each race.

Take a tip from Jimmy Clark and put a Tiger in your tank. New High-energy Esso Extra gasoline gives you the: (1) cleaning power; (2) firing power; (3) octane power for top performance in your car.



HUMBLE

OIL & REFINING COMPANY

AMERICA'S LEADING ENERGY COMPANY

MAKERS OF ESSO PRODUCTS

©HUMBLE OIL & REFINING COMPANY 1965





25900—
About
\$12.00

CALLING ALL FRESHMEN, SENIORS AND ALUMNI!

Jarman "Benchmark" shoes are classic and correct for all—undergrads or old grads—who prefer the traditional look. "Benchmark" quality and wear-tested comfort are not academic, however; they are among the most pleasant, obvious facts of footwear life. See your Jarman dealer for a full fall selection of these traditionally styled perennial favorites of college men and young executives.

Available at Jarman dealers and Jarman stores throughout the country. Also Jarman Jrs. for boys.

Left: J4778 [also in other colors]..... About \$20.00

Center: J4104 [also in black] About \$17.00

Right: J4279 [also in other colors]..... About \$15.00

(Prices slightly higher in the West)



YIELD



At GT&E, we're not content to wait for progress. We work to create it. One way is investing our money where it's most likely to grow. Such as research. Every dollar we put here yields new and better communications products and services in advance of public need. And in time

for the orderly growth of manufacturing capacity to satisfy demand as it develops. In this way, GT&E action produces corporate growth through better communications services that benefit the total community.

Sharing greatly in America's growth

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS



333 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017 • GT&E SUBSIDIARIES: General Telephone Operating Co., a NY Corp. • GT&E Laboratories • GT&E International • General Telephone Security Co. • Automatic Electric • Eastern Electric • Telephone Electric

SCORECARD

LAUREL WREATH FOR ILLINOIS

Governor Otto Kerner of Illinois is a good rider, an excellent bird shot, a pretty good golfer, and in high school he captained the swimming team. He is also a friend of Paul Butler, owner of the vast Oak Brook estate, 17 miles west of Chicago's Loop, on which there are 12 polo fields, two swimming pools, a couple of golf courses, tennis courts, riding trails, archery ranges and so on. Butler's son, Michael, a polo player of some note, approached the governor a year ago with a proposal that flowered this month—the Illinois Panathlon (which is to say, "all-sports competition"), the first major organized effort of any state to back sports.

So extensive was the Panathlon that it might be considered the Illinois Olympics. There were contests in soaring, yachting, quarter-horse racing, cycling, handball, swimming, baseball, harness racing, judo—you name it. Competitors of all ages adhering to all kinds of disciplines—AAU, NCAA, high school rules—were entered.

The Illinois Sports Council, formed to organize the Panathlon, stated its purpose quite simply: "To promote a sports-educational program for the total population of Illinois, thus instructing each individual in how to enjoy his leisure hours in a more wholesome program of activity within his means."

It worked. Despite cloudbursts the Panathlon was a success, so much so that plans are afoot now for a Winter Panathlon. And it cost the State of Illinois not a nickel. The money was raised privately. Other states please copy.

THE SPORTING BOOK

For years public libraries have been lending not just books but phonograph records, films, framed paintings, magazines, prints and the like. Now something new has been added by the libraries of Kentucky. They lend sports equipment. Badminton sets, baseballs and bats, volleyball balls and horseshoes can be checked out just like books.

Books about sport are being pushed,

too, with the idea of encouraging the borrowing of books in other fields. The thought is that if a boy borrows a baseball he might want to read about Mickey Mantle—and then one day he might just want to read.

In the program's first three weeks there was but one loss—a broken bat.

NEW OLD GAME IN TOWN

For generations tennis was as static as it was stuffy. Tournaments were held as feudal rights, as much a club's property as the clubhouse. Gradually, and all but unnoticed, the status quo is changing. The matches now go where the money and interest are.

It all started when tiny Salisbury, Md. took the National Indoors away from New York, and gave the tournament more love and money than it ever had before. Next New York lost the Davis Cup Challenge Round to Cleveland, and before the traditionalists could so much as harrumph Cleveland made a record \$260,000.

The boom and the bidding are getting even hotter. In successive weeks this month Dallas gained its first Davis Cup matches and packed 12,000 people for \$39,000 into a makeshift stadium, and Cleveland put on its second Wightman Cup matches—this is women's tennis, you understand—and drew 14,600 fans and \$50,000. The sound you hear is TV sniffing around the courts.

Now all this tournament-snatching has scared the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, N.Y. Sensibly frightened that it might next lose the National Championships to the hinterlands, Forest Hills has burst forth with public relations and promotion. The result: almost \$70,000 in receipts already for next month's tournament.

THE RELUCTANT TUNA

The winner of the Bailey Island Tuna Tournament, Clayton Johnson, reported that there are thousands of tuna in Casco Bay this season, more than he has seen in a lifetime of fishing. Robert York of West Point, Me., who buys and trucks to Bos-

ton almost all tuna landed in Maine, said the catch for the season so far is over 150, well ahead of recent years.

That would make it seem that those who wish to fight a giant tuna on rod and reel should head immediately for Casco Bay. But not so. York knows of only one caught on rod and reel in the entire Gulf of Maine this year. That was the 702-pounder landed by Frank Crooks of Newburyport, Mass., largest taken during the tourney. All the rest succumbed to harpoons.

Over recent years, according to Frank J. Mather, associate scientist at the Woods Hole (Mass.) Oceanographic Institution, tuna have shown increasing reluctance to take bait. Animal behaviorists say fish do not have enough intelligence to become educated to the dangers of baited hooks. Perhaps so, but there are anglers who would dispute the behaviorists, especially those who have had the common experience recently of fishing waters teeming with tuna and getting few strikes or none.

SEGREGATION IN MAINE

If Misch Miller or Skitch Henderson should try to play the Arundel golf course in Kennebunkport, Me., they would not be allowed to. Not by the hair



of their chinny-chin-chins. Bearded golfers are outlawed at Arundel.

The ban was instituted a couple of weeks ago by Kenneth R. Raynor, club president and freshman baseball coach at Yale. The policy was designed, according to club officials, "mainly to keep beatniks off the course." So far it has been enforced twice. The first bearded and rejected golfer blew his stack. "What," he demanded, "if Abraham

continued

Lincoln wanted to play here?" He ended up playing at the Webhammet in Kennebunk.

At Arundel it is no longer possible to miss a putt by a whisker.

THE FORTUNES OF FAME

It is unusual but not too fantastic for a swimmer to win three events and set a world record all in one meet. Last week at the British Championships in Blackpool, England, Karen Muir, an unknown from South Africa, set a new world record of 1:08.7 in the 110-yard backstroke and won two freestyle races. Karen is only 12, the youngest world record holder in any event in any major sport.

Tiny (105 pounds) and timid (she cried when she won), Karen's greatest triumph came after the record, when her mother telephoned from Kimberley, South Africa. Karen had shown such good judgment in the race, Mother Muir said, that she could throw economy to the winds and spend her entire allowance.

BEACH BUILT ON SAND

The Riviera is poor in sandy beaches. They run mostly to pebbles and foot-stabbing rocks. In the last few years, though, Cannes has spread beige sand over its stones, pink sand has been carted to Antibes, and when the U.S. Sixth Fleet loused up La Napoule's narrow but sandy strand with fuel oil, Rear Admiral Robert Townsend apologetically offered to have his ships fetch clean stuff from Naples.

Now sand is pouring in to the Riviera. It has come from Miami and Haifa, Tanger and Tahiti, by jet plane, train, helicopter, motorboat, the liner *France* and a Chinese junk. Several months ago Pierre Laporte, share-d owner of La Sesta, the Côte d'Azur's most popular beachclub-nightclub, got the idea of inviting each of the great resort beaches of the world to contribute 1,200 pounds of its finest sand to his club.

Except for Barbados, which snooted Laporte, the beaches of the world responded handsomely. There were difficulties, naturally. The white sand from Tahiti's sister isle of Moorea provoked a visit from an Alpes Maritimes Département health official. A Tahitian had warned the Département anonymously that the "nono," a tiny mosquito, makes its home in Moorea sands. The official took away a sample of sand but found no noxious. A customs bureaucrat at

Antibes demanded \$80 per shipment, presumably to protect France's domestic sand industry. Instead of being spread and mixed indiscriminately along the La Sesta beach, the various sands were kept segregated and labeled, Monaco's brown sand was found to look and cut like sandpaper. Coney Island sand, specifically requested, arrived with the obscure label "Bay of New York," and no connoisseur can say whether it is the real stuff.

The other day one of La Sesta's habitués inquired, "Where's the sand from my country?" Learning there was none, King Hussein of Jordan went off with the promise: "We have a lot of sand in Jordan and I shall send you five different-colored sands."

In a kang-sized package, no doubt.

THE SPRT FELLOW

Proud members of the Miramar Golf Club in Wellington, New Zealand regard it as a world record. Life member Jimmy Drake, 86 years old, has bettered his age in his golf score—not once but 191 times. *The Golfer's Handbook* records that a South African, one W. Edmonds, has equaled or bettered his age 62 times. Drake has lost count of the times he has equaled his age.

Drake's record was made over a 16-year period. His first attempt was when he was 70. Playing a four-handicap, he went around in 69. At 86, his handicap is only 13 and he is shooting for 200 better-than-age scores.

SOCIAL LIONS

Back in 1947 the 6th Marquess of Bath originated the stately homes business in England by opening his ancestral estate, Longleat House in Wiltshire, to the public. Since then more than two million paying guests have tramped through the place. Even so, the marquess has been miffed that the Duke of Bedford and Woburn Abbey ("that's a bit of a circus anyway") and Lord Montagu's fine old car museum at Beaulieu ("people only go there to see the garage") outdraw him. He hopes to get a meacrier share of the market next Easter with a fresh attraction—50 lions roaming free in his parkland.

When the lions are installed behind a 12-foot-high chain-link fence, visitors will be charged 1£ (\$2.80) per car to drive through. They will also be charged not to feed the lions, tut tut, or get out of their cars, heaven forbid. In case some should disregard these instructions



These Carnegie coordinates available at the following fine stores:

CONNECTICUT
DAVIDSON & LEVINTHAL, W. Hartford & Branches
F. FOX CO., Hartford
HORWITZ DEPT. STORE, West Haven & Branford
D.C.

DELAWARE
REYDA'S
WOODWARD-LOTHROP

MAINE

A. B. BENNETT, Portland & Branches

MARYLAND

BO PERP, Hyattsville & Wheaton
LEASSETTS, Frederick
R. F. POTTELL, Salisbury
SANDY SUE SHOP, Lanesville
TOT TO TEEN, Cumberland
VOLTA CENTER, Rockville

MASSACHUSETTS

CONRAD & CHANDLER, Boston
EMPIRE CLOTHING, Sales & Branches
FELLS, All Stores
K. VFF & Co., Cambridge
KENNEDY'S, All Stores
LONDON, Attleboro

NEW HAMPSHIRE

RON TON SHOP, Manchester
MILLERS, Nashua

NEW JERSEY

HANNE & CO., Newark
MEYER BROS., Paterson

NEW YORK CITY

ABRAHAM & STRAUSS, All Stores
BLOOMINGDALE'S, All Stores
CORNELIUS, Bronx
FURMAN DEPT. STORE, Roosevelt

NEW YORK STATE

CARL CO., Schenectady
CARNAHAN'S, All Stores
DENRY'S, Troy
J. W. FIDWARR, All Stores
FOWLER, DICK, WALKER, Binghamton
MAMMUS RILEY, Albany
SANTLER, Buffalo

PENNSYLVANIA

BERMAN, Hazleton
CONCORAN & O'BRIEN, Pottsville
W. F. CARL, Allentown
HESS BROS., Allentown
TINY TOWN, Upper Darby
WATT & SHAND, Lancaster
S. S. WELLS, Pottsville

VIRGINIA

TOT'S & TEEN'S, Fairfax & Springfield
SHIRLINGTON YOUTH, Arlington

Celanese

CONTEMPORARY FIBERS



FORTREL puts extra wear into Carnegie permanent press coordinates.

This tag guarantees it!

Carnegie coordinates keep that fresh-pressed look through a hard day's play and need no ironing. And Fortrel in the fabric gives them the added wear-power a boy needs. If the fabric doesn't give a full year's normal wear, return the garment to Celanese and your money will be refunded. Shirt in wide range of colorful checks and plaids. Solid color slacks have belt that matches shirt. Both slacks and shirts of Fortrel polyester and cotton. Sets in sizes 3-7, about \$6. Sizes 8-12, about \$7. Available at fine stores everywhere.



No Scotch improves the flavour of water like Teacher's



BOTTLED IN
SCOTLAND
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND
CREAM

Blended Scotch Whisky • 80 Proof • ©Schlitz & Co., N.Y.

SCORECARD *continued*

tions, wardens will patrol the area with rifles.

Lions are capable of living comfortably in an English park and can withstand the worst of winters if they have shelter and are well fed, but zoologists are nevertheless skeptical about the venture. Although lions roam in groups in their natural state, say the experts, they are never 50 strong, and the males are just about bound to fight when the breeding season arrives.

Lord Bath, said one expert, is not so much getting a pride of lions as an "ostentation."

STUART ON KOUFAX

Many baseball players on opposing teams will tell you that Sandy Koufax is harder to hit than any other pitcher. His record as the major leagues' first 20-game winner this season suggests as much.

But Dick Stuart, the freethinker who plays a relaxed first base for the Phillies, disagrees. He estimates he has hit seven or eight home runs off Koufax, "including a grand slam in '59."

"Koufax's motion is easy to follow," explained Stuart. "It's very fluid. I like to hit against him. He's more like a right-hander than a left-hander. I mean he isn't jerky-jerky like most left-handers. Also, he tries to strike you out—he challenges you—and any pitcher who tries to strike you out has to throw strikes. This is to the hitter's advantage."

What Stuart seemed to be saying, we think, was that Sandy's perfection is his weakness.

THEY SAID IT

• Bob Aspromonte, Houston third baseman, on his recent batting slump: "I've heard of guys going 0 for 15, or 0 for 25, but I was 0 for July."

• Joe Campbell, flamboyant pro golfer, when asked if he is going to stop smoking those foot-long cigars he chomps on while playing: "I'll get rid of them when they bite back."

• Norm Van Brocklin, Minnesota Viking coach, on Gino Marchetti's retirement: "A lot of tackles in the league will be able to hold their coffee cups steadier with Gino gone."

• Ben Hogan, usually taciturn, in ecstatic praise of partner George Knudson's 200-yard hole in one during the second round of the PGA championship: "Nice shot, Bo."

END



Larry Elkins, former collegiate star, now Houston Oilers rookie flankerback, nabs pass and runs for a touchdown.

AFL flankerback Larry Elkins is playing ball with us.



For once, Larry Elkins isn't expected to dodge tackles or make touchdowns. He just has to loaf around wearing Glen Oaks' Broomstick slacks. Giving a month-to-month demonstration of durability, wearability, warmth, comfort and style. The trim Pro-Rated™ slacks are tailored from a blend of 70% Acrilan® acrylic and 30% worsted. A blend designed to make the slacks as sturdy as Elkins himself. Yet as soft as his job of wearing them. Acrilan is made by Chemstrand, New York, New York 10001, a Division of **Monsanto**



AFL endorsed Pro-Rated™ slacks by GLEN OAKS.



The beer that made Milwaukee famous
... simply because it tastes so good.

real
gusto
in a great light beer

Let's get to
the bottom of this.

© 1994 Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, WI. Schlitz, Milwaukee, WI, Schlitz and Schlitz are trademarks of Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, WI. Schlitz and Schlitz are registered trademarks of Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, WI. Schlitz and Schlitz are registered trademarks of Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, WI.

Don't wait until Dec. 25 to give your freshman a Smith-Corona portable. There are 124 typing days till Christmas.

If you are looking forward to getting your youngster a portable typewriter for Christmas, your heart's in the right place. But you are way off on your timing. He needs it now! A Smith-Corona® in the hand is worth two under the tree when there's an assignment due!

Why Smith-Corona and not any old portable? Simply because Smith-Corona portables are the most durable, most modern machines you can buy. Only Smith-Corona has a jeweled main bearing in the critical escapement mechanism. An all-steel frame that won't twist and let work-

ing parts get out of line. Optional snap-on Changeable Type™ that lets you type special scientific, mathematical and language characters (a must for students!). And only Smith-Corona gives you a choice of manual, electric and cordless electric models.

Why not give him that Smith-Corona now?

Guarantee: The Smith-Corona Branch Office will replace or refund your Smith-Corona typewriter for major and standard one year and limited selective three to five years of full parts and labor. No cash change within the first 90 days. Maximum refund \$100. Excludes 10% down, freight, parts, license fees. No exchange with the same. Some exceptions. Contact Smith-Corona Branch Office for full details.

SMITH-CORONA PORTABLES

Manufactured by Smith-Corona Corporation, Elmhurst, N.Y. 06012
© 1974 Smith-Corona Corporation. All rights reserved.



The Smith-Corona Galaxie® II — one of eight Smith-Corona portables. Choose from manual and electric models.

EVERYBODY PICK UP A



They finally are beginning to believe in the Minnesota Twins in the Metropolitans of the upper Midwest. Small boys in Minnehaha and Bigfork wear sailor caps with "Win Twins" on the brims, and just about the only sound heard in the cool of evening in Fergus Falls, Bena, Wadena and Elbow Lake comes from thousands of radios tuned in to hear whether Minnesota can win another impossible game. On Interstate 494 in Bloomington, Webster's Restaurant is still abuilding, but Webster has posted a firm promise in the front window: "Will be open for World Series." Duff's bar in midtown Minneapolis is selling mock campaign buttons in red, white and blue that say "Sam Mele for President" and "Harmon Killebrew for Governor." You can walk into Duff's right now and sign up for a bus ticket that will take you to Metropolitan Stadium, the home of the Twins, for the

opening game of the World Series October 6.

So maybe it is only August. So maybe there are still six weeks before the American League season ends. So maybe the Twins still must go through the toughest part of their schedule, beginning this week. "So what?" they ask in Minnesota. "This team does the impossible all the time. Why, this year they didn't even Die in July, and the Twins always Die in July." More than 200 requests a day are being mailed to Metropolitan Stadium begging for tickets to a World Series that is still theoretical (or don't you remember the Phillies?) and still a quarter of a season away.

This has been a wild year in Minnesota. First came the dry cold and deep snows of winter, then the floods of spring, then the tremendous tornadoes of May and June that caused \$131 million in property damage. Then came the great

time squabble that had Minneapolis on standard time and its twin city, St. Paul, on daylight saving time. For most of the year a Minnesotan seemed to be a person with six feet of snow in his driveway, three inches of water in his cellar, the roof blown off his house and unable to find out what the hell time it was. But the Twins have brought a certain wacky order to the Land of 10,000 Lakes. They played the best baseball in the major leagues (22-9) in July and had more implausible escapes from impending disaster than Adam Clayton Powell, more feats of derring-do than most teams generate in half a dozen seasons. By the middle of August, despite the worst sick-call list in the major leagues, the Twins had won 75 games—24 of them on their last time at bat.

The late Bob Murphy of the *Minneapolis Star* once wrote of Twin fans, "Have you ever noticed how they refer to the

DRUM

Sixth last year, the Minnesota Twins have become the first-place darlings of the upper Midwest, arousing cheerful hopes and sudden fear as both good breaks and bad come their way by the handful **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**



HERB SCHADMAN

Twins as "we" when they win and "they" when they lose?" This is a real "we" year in Minnesota. Usually the magic number, that delightful piece of mathematical gobbledygook that indicates how many games a team must win or its opponents must lose before the championship can be clinched, begins appearing in pennant-bound cities along about the middle of September, when the number is, say, 15. Newspapers in the Twin Cities brought it out on August 5, when the number was 52. At Duff's large signs display it, and whenever the number is reduced applause fills the room.

The madness seems to have affected just about everyone in Minnesota, North and South Dakota, western Wisconsin and northern Iowa. Recently Dr. Owen Wangensteen, a well-known cancer surgeon from Minneapolis, went to the wedding of his brother-in-law's son at the White Bear Yacht Club. He paid his re-

spects in the reception line and then raced to his car in the parking lot to listen to the Twins on the radio. "It's the same wherever we go," sighed his wife. "He has to know what the Twins are doing." Mrs. Wangensteen was asked if her husband enjoyed the games at Metropolitan Stadium. "Oh, he's never been," she replied. "But he never misses a game on the radio." Pat Meghan, a grocery clerk in St. Paul, says, "Before the people order they talk about the Twins. I've never seen or heard anything like it before."

The Twins have won many dramatic games this year with their new running attack—a style more identified with the National League than the American. But the image of the Twins generally remains that of a ball club with tremendous power and little else. Even though Twin fans are delighted by the running game, appreciate it and enjoy what it can do to harass the enemy, one game won on a

home run stands out as the greatest single victory of the season and possibly in the history of the Twins. It came on Sunday, July 11 in Metropolitan Stadium, the last game before the three-day All-Star break and the last game of a four-game series with the hated Yankees. The four games drew 138,000 people, and the area was at fever pitch over baseball, partly because Minnesota was about to be host to its first All-Star game and partly because the Twins were leading the league by four and a half games. Three seasons back, when the second-place Twins lost the pennant to New York by five games, there had been a July series with the Yankees in Minnesota. New York had swept it, and Minnesota had never really recovered. This year the Twins won two of the first three games, but when Harmon Killebrew came to bat in the bottom of the ninth inning of the last game with two outs and a runner

continued

on first base Minnesota was losing 5-4.

Harmon Killebrew has hit tons of homers for the Twins. Some have been measured at more than 500 feet in Washington and Boston, and some could be measured at \$14 on a cab meter in Chicago. This day in July the count went to three balls and two strikes on Harmon, and then he fouled off two pitches. The next pitch he hit on a line 360 feet into the left-field bleachers to win the game. For an instant a strange silence fell on the ball park, and then the crowd exploded. It was the most dramatic home run ever hit by a Twin, and it made all Minnesota believe that this was the year.

Everyone has a theory about how and why Minnesota suddenly developed into a winner after finishing in sixth place, 20 games behind, last season. Maybe the change began during the winter, when Manager Sam Mele sat and thought about making the Twins use a running game instead of waiting for home runs (SI, May 17). Perhaps it came when Owner Calvin Griffith hired Johnny Sain as his pitching coach to try to transform a pitching staff with good quality but little cohesiveness into a staff strong enough to stand the pressures of tight games. Maybe it had more subtle origins; perhaps it began on a 40th night last April in Detroit when Second-string Catcher Jerry Zimmerman came to bat with the winning run on base after Minnesota had

overcome a five-run deficit. In five seasons and 447 times at bat in the major leagues Zimmerman had never driven in a game-winning run. This time he did. Maybe it was the break the Twins got in the middle of May, when they put Pitcher Jim Perry on the waiver list and no one claimed him. He pitched only three and one-third innings during the first six weeks of the season. Then late in May he won a game in Boston. He won again and then again. He won seven straight games in all, at the very time when the Twin pitching staff, beset by doubleheaders, seemed weakest. The luck has held. Joe Nosske, primarily used for defense, won two games in three days for the Twins in June with clutch hits, and Don Mincher, the part-time first baseman, has hit five home runs that won games in the last or next-to-last inning. But no break that Minnesota has received all year was as big as the one General Manager George Weiss of the New York Mets inadvertently gave them at baseball's winter meetings last December. Owner Griffith went to the meetings convinced that he had to make a trade. "We played bad ball last year," Griffith said then, "and our fans are screaming for a trade. I've got to try and give one to them. A big one, if I can."

The Twins and the Mets talked for two days and worked out the details of a spectacular trade. Minnesota would give

the Mets Center Fielder Jimmie Hall, Catcher Earl Battey, Jim Perry and either Second Baseman Bernie Allen or Third Baseman Rich Rollins. In return, the Twins would get the Mets' All-Star second baseman, Ron Hunt, Catcher Chris Cannizzaro and Pitcher Alvin Jackson. The trade looked perfect for both sides, because the Twins would get a solid starting pitcher and an outstanding second baseman as well as a good defensive catcher who had hit .311 the year before. The Mets would receive a hard-hitting center fielder and a fine all-round catcher as well as an infielder and a pitcher. At the last minute Weiss called the whole thing off. Griffith did make a trade to show his fans he was trying, but it was inconsequential: he acquired Second Baseman Cesar Tovar from the Cincinnati Reds for Pitcher Gerry Arango.

The records that the players involved in that aborted trade are setting this season are a pluperfect demonstration of how beautifully things are going for Minnesota this year. Jimmie Hall has been among the American League leaders in batting and RBIs all year; Battey (.309) is one of the key men in the Twins' hit-and-run attack. Perry's record is 8-3, and his earned run average is 2.40, ninth best in the league. On the other hand, Hunt broke his shoulder in May. Cannizzaro has knocked in five runs all season and Jackson has a record of 6-16.

It has always been assumed that if Minnesota were to win a permanent certain base things would have to occur. Camilo Pascual, the Twins' most consistent pitcher over the last several seasons, would have to win at least 20 games. Harmon Killebrew would have to hit a lot of home runs, particularly in August, when he always hits a lot of home runs. Either or both of the Twins' young pitchers of outstanding promise—Jim Roland and Dave Boswell—would have to come through in fairly spectacular fashion. Earl Battey would have to avoid injury, and Bob Allison would have to stay strong, day in and day out. Finally, Rich Rollins would have to hit the way he did in 1962, when he drove in 96 runs.

All these prerequisites of Minnesota victory have gone up in a roll of adhesive tape. Pascual tore a muscle in his pitching arm in July, is on the disabled list and is probably out for the season. Killebrew, of all people, was knocked around in a collision at first base three weeks ago and dislocated his elbow, just



Catcher Earl Battey suffers yet another injury, against the Yankees, as Joe Peptone watches.

when he was playing the best ball of his life. Roland's arm became sore early in May, and he was shipped back to the minors. Boswell pitched very well for part of the season but in midsummer developed mononucleosis and had to be put on the disabled list for 30 days. Butley has stayed in the lineup but he has had 10 different injuries to his hands and knees. Allison broke his wrist. And Rollins, through August 15, was hitting .255. Add to all this the fact that Starting Pitchers Jim Kaat and Jim Grant have been fighting tendonitis and it appears that Minnesota should be running away with nothing but higher insurance premiums. But each time an injury shook up the state of Minnesota and had everyone wondering if this would be the one to stop the Twins' charge toward the pennant, someone else in the lineup picked up a shiny new bugle, someone else began banging a different drum.

The ration of injuries seems to have increased over the last few weeks, but the bugles and drums have sounded louder. Second Baseman Jerry Kundallicame to bat in the last of the ninth with the bases empty and the Twins losing 3-2. Kindall had not batted in a run in seven weeks, but he hit the first pitch for a game-tying home run. Earlier that same evening Manager Mele had told Jimmie Hall to stay out of the lineup because his knees had been bothering him. Instead, Hall talked Mele into letting him play, and his single won the game.

"We were in desperate shape the day Killebrew was hurt," says Jim Grant. "He was reaching for a ball thrown up the first base line, and Russ Snyder of the Orioles ran into him. You could hear every one's heart go bump, bump, bump on the bench. It was a big, big game for us emotionally and psychologically, particularly with the Orioles in second place right behind us. We had a lead early but they scored three runs in the top of the ninth to tie us. Then Jimmie Hall went up to pinch-hit in the bottom of the ninth and won it with a homer."

The day after Killebrew's injury Mele told his players that they had played great ball under tremendous hardships but that now they had to play even harder. With Killebrew out of the lineup, the other teams would throw an endless line of left-handed pitchers at the Twins. The first left-hander they met after Killebrew's injury did beat them, but then the bugles and the drums began again.

Left-hander Pete Richert of the Washington Senators went against the Twins and, all in one inning, Minnesota got a wild pitch, a passed ball, a full-on-down first baseman, an infield hit, a single and a double and some sound base running to beat Richert. The next team they played, the Boston Red Sox, came into Minnesota without a starting left-hander, and the Twins won three straight at the very time when Baltimore was losing three out of four to last-place Kansas City. The lead had increased, and the breaks were going Minnesota's way again. In New York last week the Yankees pitched left-handers against the Twins twice, and Minnesota won both games.

"The feeling of being in first place," says Jimmie Hall, "is something I've never experienced before and, to tell you the truth, my wife is probably more excited about it than I am. I mean, she's *real* excited. She gets up in the morning and says, 'Baltimore lost and we got another game.' We're getting a lot of breaks. And look at Tony Oliva." Hall said, pointing to the 24-year-old Cuban outfielder who led the league in hitting last season in his rookie year. "He's fantastic. Let them get two quick strikes on him and he just keeps battling away. They talk about hitters who hit the ball to all fields. Oliva does it better than anyone." Hall smiled, "He was hitting against the Yankees this

year, and they pitched him inside and tight. He whipped the bat around and drove the ball into the left-field seats, and Elston Howard stood at the plate and said, 'There is no way. There is no way!'"

Tony Oliva (see cover), with his pixie smile and his quick bat, his sound baseball instinct and his superb eyes, does remarkable things. He has gotten five hits in a game twice this year. The first time four of the hits were infield rollers that he beat out. The next time they were all line drives that whistled to every part of the field. He has bunted for singles and hit tape-measure home runs. Four times this year he has scored from second base on an infield out (two weeks ago he beat Baltimore by scoring from second in the 11th on an infield grounder). Jim Lemon, the Twins' hitting coach, says, "You don't have to do much work with him. Everything is so natural. He's hitting this year with a bone chip in a knuckle of his right hand and he has trouble holding the bat, but he still hits. They used to say that he couldn't field. Well, he worked in spring training like few men have ever worked. He would take 500 balls a day in the outfield, just sharpening himself, and now he can do anything." Of the Twins, Oliva says, "We was because we were not that bad last year. Too many the mistakes last year." He was asked if he thought he could re-

(continued on page 71)



Harmon Killebrew shows Dave Boswell how badly his elbow has swollen after dislocation.



Quarterback Bill Bradley, architect and star of the Texas triumph and prize Texas U. recruit, picks up blocking for long gain against Pennsylvanians.

TEXAS TEENERS STRIKE BACK

Riled by Pennsylvania gibes after losing last year in the country's roughest, toughest high school football game, Texans retaliated with the swiftest baby beef west of the Sabine—and got rewarding revenge **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

The notion that men and boys and high school football players are created equal never crosses a good Texan's mind, but there was a moment last week in Hershey, Pa., in the lobby of the Cocoa Inn on Chocolate Ave., when young Earl Maxfield faced up to this possibility. He quickly squashed it, but first he faced up to it. Maxfield is a tackle, a 245-pound brawny baby boy with a classic football profile. He is thickly muscled. His head rises straight up from his shoulders like the tip end of a cannon shell, all blond and glistening. He was standing in the lobby after lunch with a buddy, an end named Gilbert Ash, debating in which direction to strike out in search of more steak and potatoes, when the subject turned to the game.

"Those Pennsylvania boys are b-i-i-g," said Maxfield soberly.

"You're 245 and you say that?" said Baylor Scout Pete McCulley, who previously had signed both boys to Baylor scholarships and was there to be neighborly.

"Yessir, I mean to tell you they got some big-uns."

"Their backs look like linemen," said Ash, nodding. Finally Maxfield said, "But I tell you one thing, we're quicker. Some of our boys are really swift. I do mean swift."

Maxfield and Ash and 31 other Texas teen-agers were in Hershey to settle an issue that arose there last year. The object at that time was to determine which state, Texas or Pennsylvania, grew the best high school football players. It

would never cross the mind of a Texan or a Pennsylvanian that Ohio or California or Alabama might have something to say about that. Anyway, it was to be done by matching all-star teams—Pennsylvania's Big 33 against an equal number of Texans. Texas was aflame with indignation when its team lost 12-6, being held to two field goals. Except for Coach Bobby Layne, who would not be suckered into the snickering polemics, Texans contended that their fastest backs had been tied up in an intrastate high school all-star game and could not make the trip. The contention was mostly *ex post facto* and therefore pooh-poohed in Pennsylvania.

"I have thought a lot about that excuse," said Lefty James, the professional ex-Cornell coach who has handled the



Churning away from pursuer Phil Booker, Texas Halfback James Harris, reportedly a 9.4 sprinter, exemplifies the superior speed of invaders' attack.

Pennsylvania team for five years. "It is my opinion that it is a lot of baloney."

So what happened this year? Texas loaded up with every Tom, Dick and Harry Swiftly it could find, and every fast lineman, and instructed Bobby Layne to get revenge. Even Layne was amazed by the quality of his youngsters. He said to James Harris, a halfback from Brownwood who will go to the University of Houston, "James, is it really true that you run the hundred in 9.5?" "No sir," answered Harris. "I run it in 9.4." The high school coach of Halfback Jerry Levias of Beaumont said that Jerry's statistics were so unbelievable that he had to tone them down every week to make them credible for the press and the public.

So then what happened? Texas ran away with the game 26-10, that's what happened. The Layne offense—a slick, masterful compound of traps, draws, fakes off draws, shotgun passing and running—accounted for 466 yards in total offense. Concerned that his neglect to put in goal-line plays had cost Texas on five touchdown chances the year before, Layne went big for roll-outs and counters, and Texas scored a touchdown

in every quarter. Never before had an out-of-state opponent crossed the goal line of a Pennsylvania Big 33 team. When the Texas backs ran around the Pennsylvania ends (and the Pennsylvania linebackers, halfbacks and deep backs) it looked as if the chasers were wearing Army boots. Quarterback Bill Bradley, who is going to play for Texas U.—he is going to play a lot for Texas—scrambled in and out of pockets and clutching Pennsylvanians and passed for two touchdowns. He was Fred Astaire and he obviously didn't want to dance with any sweaty fat ladies. From the beginning the Texas line got the jump and the impetus, consistently driving the heavier Pennsylvanians back a yard before they could react. The Pennsylvania backs ran like linemen, too. More of them should have run like a Pennsylvania end, Ted Kwalick, who made great leaping catches of hurried passes. It was not uncommon to see the swarming Texas defense get as many as six men into a single pileup.

The game was thus a complete retaliatory success for Texas, and as an attraction it now takes on the proportions of a major game, easily exceeding anything else done at a high school level. Al Clark,

the game director, has had firm offers—challenges—from Ohio and California, and a suggestion from Art Modell of the Cleveland Browns that the game be played as part of a doubleheader in Cleveland, with the Browns and another pro team on the same bill. There is a possibility of national television. Texas interests talk about putting it in the Houston Astrodome. But for the present, Clark prefers the annual traffic jam in Hershey, with the stands overflowing, because the game's proceeds go to a local scholarship fund and he does not want to risk "getting too big." Texas will be invited again, he says. "We now must have the rubber."

Clark is the sports editor of the Harrisburg *Patriot-News*, and this year he celebrated the annual arrival of the game he started by getting pleasantly, tunelessly stoned the day before. He wore a cowboy hat three gallons too large and made a genial, ambiguous speech at the foot of the Boies Penrose statue in Harrisburg as the climax of a pregame parade. Clark loves the game and runs it well, and his chief lieutenant, John Travers, can tell you the name, rank and telephone number of every reasonably pro-

ficient high school player in the state.

Coaches James and Layne treat the game with deference. "After 33 years of coaching," says James, "my throat still gets dry and my hands get clammy." James, head coach at Cornell for 14 years, is now a pool scout for the NFL. The night before the game, in the lounge at the Cocoa Inn, Layne was asked if he could generate much excitement being a head coach only once a year. His pretty wife Carol said no, that Bobby didn't look forward to it much, "only for about 12 months." (Layne ended 15 years of NFL quarterbacking in 1962. He now takes time off from business interests in Lubbock to help coach the Pittsburgh Steelers during the season.)

"This is a helluva game. It's fun," said Layne. "The kids, all of them are number-oners. Winners. I mean they give it all they've got. And smart? This Bradley kid. You have to say he's kind of spooky, the way he writes with his left hand and throws with the other and kicks with his left foot. But on the first day I'm at the blackboard telling them how most coaches tend to set up most of their plays to the right because it's natural for them to write that way. Bradley says, 'Coach, isn't their fellow named Lefty?' I almost dropped my damned chalk."

The game was sold out in July. If they

had printed double the 24,500 tickets they could have sold them, too. Pennsylvania Governor Bill Scranton bet Texas Governor John Connally 1,061 apples (one for each boy who was lured out of the state by a college last fall) on the outcome. Connally, doubling the bet, put up 2,122 pecans. Texans interpreted this as "nuts to you" and laughed over John's cleverness. Connally also pointed out that more high schools—946—play football in Texas than in any other state.

Each player got a plaque, a blanket and a pecan pie for his part, and two nights before the game the chance to whip around the dance floor a few times with the local cupcakes. The cupcakes are known as the Sweet 66, and their ranks swelled to 99 this year because so many wanted to get to that dance. The rival players eat in the same dining room. They ride the same bus, one team following the other, and one day there was shaving cream all over the seats when the Pennsylvania team got on. "Kid stuff," snuffed Mike Reid, a 235-pound fullback from Altoona. "Remember the Alamo?" shouted a Texan in the distance. "Yeah, the Alamo," answered a Pennsylvanian. "That's where all them dumb Texans got massacred."

But the Texans were learning. Jimmy Harris sat down for a round of poker.

The cards were dealt and the ante tossed in and Harris carefully went over his hand. "Now tell me, fellows," he said, "how do you play this game?"

The guys with the clipboard and the sunglasses were the college scouts. They came in from everywhere, but were kept hovering for the most part because the rules prohibit proselytizing until the game is over. All 66 boys had made commitments to college teams, but not all colleges subscribe to letters of intent, so the competition continues. Last year a Texas back, Wilmer Cooks, signed to go to UCLA, went to Hershey, where he encountered some powerful persuasion, and wound up a freshman at Colorado. This year the hottest quest was for Haliback Leivas. SMU had signed him to be the first Negro in 51 years to play in the Southwest Conference. Nevertheless, UCLA Head Coach Tommy Prothro came to Hershey to have another try. Coaches have ways of getting around the no-contact rule. Prothro called Leivas on the telephone. "He seemed cool," said Prothro, dejected.

Many of the Texas players had never been out of Texas before, and might not go again—only two of the 33 signed with schools outside the state, and one of them, Guard Ronnie Bell, had made a sudden switch from Texas to Notre Dame. "Thief," Texas Assistant Russell Coffee said to Notre Dame's John Ray as they sat discussing their recruiting successes in the lounge at the Cocoa Inn. "Thief yourself," said Ray. It is not easy to get a Texas boy to change his mind, said Ray. One of them was pointing out to another how pretty it was here in Pennsylvania, all this lovely scenery and stuff. "I reckon," said the other, "but you can't see it for those dang mountains."

On the other hand, it has always been open season on Pennsylvania athletics. Of the 33 on this year's team, only 13 agreed to stay in Pennsylvania—six signing on at Penn State, four at Pittsburgh. Others were grabbed off by teams as far away as Arizona State, Minnesota, Wyoming and Notre Dame.

Like expectant fathers, the scouts sat for hours in the inn and at the more lively Martini's (the Philadelphia Eagles, who train in Hershey, are instructed not to go to Martini's because it is so lively). At Martini's the conversation ran like this: "The kid chokes, he can't kick." "If he chokes he kicks it 60 yards. He



Swift Texans held size, too, in boys like Terry Phillips (260 pounds), Shippy Saruff (255).



Corby Robertson and Texas teammates attempted to strip Sweet 16 girls from enemy states.

kicks it good it goes a hummer." And at Martini's you could also get a line on the game, which happened to favor Texas by 7 points. A Burroughs B-273 computer, fed the facts by Pennsylvanians, picked the home state 20-19.

Layne said if he could not win with this team it would be all his fault. He said he had never seen a better group of high school athletes, and he worked them lightly, "the way I'd want to work if I were in their place." The players loved him. "But Bobby's having trouble with his coaches," chirped Coffee. "They want to go to bed at night."

It was, as before, Texas speed against Pennsylvania gristle. Pennsylvanians put great stock in their gristle. They consid-

ered the point-spread a gift and took all the action they could get. James, however, knew he had troubles. Texas had four backs who could run 100 yards in under 9.8. The fastest he had was a pokey 10.1. To compensate, he put his best men at defensive end and halfback. His fullbacks were as big as most of the Texas linemen, but while there wasn't a soft nose in the bunch neither was there a fast foot.

Probably the only miscalculation Layne made was waiting until the third Texas offensive series to get Bradley in the game at quarterback. (Bradley said he thought he'd never get in, "I'd been so lousy in practice.") By that time Pennsylvania had driven close enough for

ARMED DRAKE

Fullback Reid (Penn State-bound) to kick a 32-yard field goal. It was late in the first quarter when Texas got possession on the Pennsylvania 25 after a bad punt. On third down Bradley rolled left and impetuously ran ahead of his interference to the nine. A straight dive gained a yard, then Bradley executed one of Layne's goal-line specials—he rolled right, waited for a fraction while Flanker Levas cleared back on the defensive halfback and hit him in the stomach with the ball. Levas curled around the halfback into the end zone.

The same combination—Bradley to Levas, for three yards—got the second Texas score after a 72-yard drive in the second quarter and it was 14-3, but here came Ted Kwalick (Penn State) to make it close again, catching one pass for 14 yards that should have been three feet beyond his reach, and then hand-fighting two Texas defenders in the end zone to complete a 34-yard touchdown pass from Bob Napone (Illinois). Altogether, Kwalick caught eight of the 14 passes Pennsylvania completed. Penn State Coach Rip Engle was ecstatic.

At the time of the Kwalick touchdown the game was close, and though the Texas superiority at impact in the line was evident a sudden change in initiative might have affected the outcome. But the third quarter removed all doubts. Pennsylvania ran only eight offensive plays the entire 15 minutes, and midway in the period Bradley put together the clinching 90-yard drive. He did it beautifully—a draw, a pass to Levas for 22 yards off a fake draw, the same play for 32 yards (except this time Levas ran a straight fly pattern), a pass out of the shotgun to Harris for 12, a run to the five from the shotgun and, ultimately, a one-yard touchdown plunge by Harris. In the fourth quarter Halfback Ronnie Scoggins (SMU) ran sweeps at the laboring Pennsylvania flanks to account for 69 yards of an 80-yard touchdown drive. Scoggins, the best running back on the field, got 106 yards in 16 carries. He also hustled Levas onto the bus afterward to avoid any further complications with college recruiters.

"Speed—it'll beat you every time," said Notre Dame's Ray at the finish. "In South Bend we say it doesn't help much to have talent if you can't get it to the right place on time. The race is to the swift."

Or the swift.

END

DIARY OF A CAREER IN TURMOIL

by ALFRED WRIGHT

Texan Dave Marr was a dramatic and surprising winner of the PGA Championship last week as he outlasted both Billy Casper and Jack Nicklaus in a furious stretch duel. Wavering just slightly, Marr earned his first major tournament by dribbling home a birdie and two clutch putts for pars on the final four holes to wind up two strokes ahead and \$25,000 richer with a 72-hole score of 280. But while it was the biggest day of Marr's life, it was one of the worst for Arnold Palmer. A winner only once in the last 15 months, Palmer in this critical week of his golf life was beset by penalties, important people and confusion, and there were many who wondered if his remarkable reign was over

WEDNESDAY

It could well be that Arnold Palmer has never played in a golf tournament more important than the 1965 PGA. This is his home course, and it was Palmer who was mainly responsible for bringing the tournament (which he has never won) to Laurel Valley. As he said after finishing his tune-up this afternoon, "I know a hell of a lot of the people here."

Yet it is not just that Palmer is playing at home in front of his neighbors and his family. He has won only one golf tournament in the last 15 months.

There are already those who proclaim that the era of Arnold Palmer is ending. But the man who is the most thrilling personality in golf since Bobby Jones and the best tournament player since Ben Hogan is not, at 35, ready to accept this judgment. Palmer will not allow himself to believe that Jack Nicklaus, 10 years his junior, is pushing him aside.

It is doubtful that anyone but Arnold Palmer could undertake four days of golf in a major championship under the load of distractions that he is carrying. The Palmer household, a place that is always as alive and electric as its owner, has been as harried as the mirror at a sorority convention ever since the week began. Yesterday was typical. Byron Nelson and his wife dropped by to say hello on their way from the airport. Dave Ragan brought his son Mike over to play with the Palmers' 7-year-old daughter Amy. Nicklaus, Gary Player, Tony Lema and Dave Marr all stopped by at one time or another. Winnie Palmer had hired a special bartender to come in during the afternoons of the week, and yesterday he was serving drinks until 9 at night.

When the last of the drop-ins had left, Winnie Palmer served steaks and salad to Arnold's lawyer-agent, Mark McCormack, and his wife, who were staying with the Palmers through the week, and Winnie's parents, in from Bethlehem, Pa., and the Ed Douglases from San Francisco. About 10 o'clock a friend of Palmer's from Cleveland phoned from the Pittsburgh airport to say he could find no transportation to Ligonier, which is a drive of an hour and a half. Palmer sent his pilot, Don Dungey, over in his Aero Commander to pick the fellow up and bring him back to the Latrobe airport. It was 11:30 before the friend reached the Palmers' house, but they gave him a drink before sending him on to his hotel.

Meanwhile, the Palmers' two phones never stopped ringing. Friends wanted them to know they had arrived. A stranger from Buffalo phoned to give Palmer a 20-minute lecture on positive thinking. A lady from North Carolina called with advice on putting. It was past midnight before Palmer got to bed.

This morning he was up at 8:30, and Winnie, who had already put the house into action an hour earlier, cooked him some eggs. Then he went into his downstairs workshop to grind and bend a few clubs, a hobby which is Palmer's equivalent of tranquilizer pills. By 9 Patty Aikens, his secretary, was at work in the small office just off the front door of the whitewashed brick house. Peggy, the Palmers' 9-year-old daughter who wants to be a swimming champion, had to be taken to the local pool for her morning workout. And Jay Hebert and Gardner Dickinson, on their way to the golf

course, stopped by for a chat with Palmer down in the workshop.

Around 11 Palmer left for the course to practice. All the way down the 13-mile expressway between his house in Unity Township and the course at Ligonier, he could see that the countryside was with him. Signboards advertising local products added, "Good luck, Arnie."

At Laurel, Palmer picked up a practice with Hebert, Doug Sanders and Wes Ellis. Wearing a tan jersey and slacks and brown shoes, he looked as jaunty as a man just back from a rest cure. On five of the first six holes he was putting for birdies, but none of them dropped. He finally three-putted the long 18th—a hole that has all the golfers muttering to themselves—for a one-over par 36.

Somewhere, somehow, during the past months, Palmer has lost faith in his put-



ing. Once he never doubted that the putts would go in. Now he is surprised when they do.

As they played each hole, Palmer helped Sanders with the distance to the various greens. Outside the fence bordering the 15th tee young admirers held up signs saying "Good luck, Arnie." Palmer paused to let them take snapshots.

"See you tomorrow," he called to them as he strode off down the course. At the 18th hole Palmer helped the marshals handle his huge Army trailing him even in this practice round. "Now, folks," he said, "If you would please just wait until all the golfers have hit their shots and then cross the fairway over there." Like a good army, they obeyed.

After his practice round, Palmer held an impromptu press conference. He praised the course, told of the changes made for the tournament and talked about the players he thought could win. (Marr was not among them.)

"Are you more charged up for this tournament than you have been in the last few weeks?" a reporter asked him.

"Yes, sir," Palmer replied firmly.

Later, when someone interrupted to ask Palmer about his state of mind, he replied brusquely, "We're talking about something else now. We were talking about that golf course. I don't have anything to say about my golf except that I think I'm playing well."

That evening, after changing out of his golf clothes, Arnold took Winnie to a couple of cocktail parties—part of the routine he feels he must follow as the unofficial tournament host. Afterwards, the Palmers took their houseguests to dinner at the Latrobe Country Club. The Palmers were in bed by 11, for Arnold had an 8:44 a.m. starting time.

THURSDAY

Why should anyone sympathize with Arnold Palmer? It is Winnie Palmer who is taking the beating this week. This morning, setting the house in order, Winnie was up at 5:15 when the not-so-rosy-fingered dawn was creeping over the tall green forest of the Allegheny Mountains in the east. Arnold rolled out of bed at 6:30. Winnie boiled him a couple of eggs, and by 7:30 they were on their way to the golf course in the official courtesy car that had been assigned to Palmer for the tournament—a huge, dark-blue Chrysler Imperial sedan. Palmer is nothing of not loyal to his friends. George Love, the president of Laurel Valley Golf Club, is



also chairman of the board of Chrysler.

As the Palmers wound their way along U.S. 30 they ran into heavy fog. Winnie thought it might delay the start of the tournament, but Arnold doubted her. He was wrong. The fog was thick, and officials decided to begin at 9. Palmer had a two-hour delay.

Even under the best of circumstances, it is not easy for a golfer to readjust himself to such a long wait when he is tense and ready. In Palmer's case there were added problems. Shortly after 9, President Eisenhower arrived on the private plane of Roger Firestone, one of the brothers of the rubber family. George Love greeted the General and gave him one of the shocking-pink club blazers that are worn by the members of Laurel Valley. Then Palmer posed for pictures with the General before going out to the practice tee to warm up, followed by Eisenhower and friends.

It was not the best way for a golfer to prepare himself for one of the critical tournaments of his career. Palmer, feeling obligated to make sure Eisenhower was enjoying himself, frequently interrupted his practice shots to chat with the General, who was standing a few feet behind him and making occasional comments. Concentration was difficult. After he had hit a hundred or so practice balls, Palmer followed his ever-present state police escort to the putting green. Autograph hunters swarmed around him, and he said, "I'll sign some of these, but I'll have to keep walking."

It was not until he had hit his first drive of the tournament down the first

fairway that Palmer could finally be alone. Not all was well, however. He drove into a large bunker and then pulled a five-iron shot that landed to the left of the green and bounced into thick grass at the bottom of a gully.

There was no way Palmer could hit the ball out without striking his club against some wooden railings that were protecting the sides of a temporary bridge across the gully. After eight minutes had gone by, as he waited for a ruling, two overzealous marshals took it on themselves to tear down the wooden supports. Palmer stood by, watching and smiling.

Few players know the rules of golf better than Arnold Palmer. If he had not been harried by so many distractions, he would have quickly realized that he was entitled to a free drop within two club lengths of the obstruction but that the obstruction itself could not be removed. Palmer went ahead and played the shot—a most delicate pitch out of the long rough—to within six feet of the hole. He sank the putt for his par 4.

On the 2nd hole Palmer almost put his approach shot into the hole, and he



sank the short putt for a birdie 3. He seemed very much on his stick at this point, paring his way through the 5th hole. He was still one under when he stepped onto the 6th tee to drive. It was then that Jack Tutthill, the PGA tournament supervisor, drove up in a cart to advise Palmer that he was being given a two-stroke penalty for his rule infraction at the first hole. Palmer asked Bob McCallister and Al Geiberger, the two other

continued

players in his pining, to drive ahead of him while he collected himself. He then hit a bad drive into the rough on the right, tried to play out of that lie with a wood and missed the shot, skimming it further into the rough on the right, where the ball struck a spectator. He finally got the ball to the green and two-putted for his par 5 on a hole where normally he could expect a birdie.

During the rest of the round Palmer lost two strokes to par, but got them back with birdies on the 11th and 12th holes. He finished with a one-over-par 72. Instead of being tied for eighth, he was tied for 19th. "It was all my fault," he said with customary graciousness. "I knew the rule, but I didn't apply it."

By now it was getting late in the afternoon, so Palmer had to rush home and change into a business suit. George Love was giving a stag dinner that night at the nearby Rolling Rock Club for General Eisenhower and his party. Palmer drove the 13 miles back to Ligonier, stopping at the brand-new Holiday Inn, of which he is part owner, to pick up Nicklaus, Gary Player and Dow Finsterwald, for whom he had arranged invitations to the party.

It was a quiet dinner, with no formal speeches. Palmer was back home by 11 and sat around chatting with his guests until time for bed at 12. It was his first full night's sleep of the week.

FRIDAY

A refreshed Palmer got up at about 8. He put on a pair of gray slacks and a many-splendored blouse with vertical stripes that made you think of the coat of Joseph. After breakfast he went downstairs to the rumpus room, where McCormack was already deep in conference with lawyers and officers of the Arnold Palmer Company, working out new projects. Palmer sat in on the talks, looked over blueprints that were spread out on the pool table, offered suggestions, signed papers and then shut himself up in his workshop next door.

Palmer's clubs always look as if they had spent a couple of years in Vulcan's forge, and there he was, battering and grinding and bending them on the intricate machinery he keeps for the purpose. The one-iron got special attention when Palmer calibrated it and found it was "weak"—that is, had a bit too much loft. "Clubs always change just a little bit after you've used them," he explained. For a while the one-iron looked like a

goose-neck putter, but eventually he got the "goose" out of it. He fiddled with a new one-iron, put a little extra weight on the head of a driver and finally unwrapped and wrapped a few grips. His clubs were ready.

McCormack and the lawyers were still in conference when Palmer came back to the rumpus room. He chatted with them for a few minutes before going upstairs to the kitchen to construct a ham-and-cheese-on-rye sandwich out of the makings that Winnie had put out. He washed that down with a glass of milk and went into the bedroom to lie down for a while. He started to read a magazine, got sleepy and snoozed for half an hour. By then it was time to drive to the golf course.

After the customary warmup, Palmer started down the 10th hole. The only



problem at this point seemed to be whether the threatening clouds above would bring rain and whether they could finish the round before dark.

Palmer played No. 10 in a routine par 4. On the par-5 11th he pushed his drive into a bunker protecting the elbow of this doglegged hole, and then, because a spectator had been knocked unconscious just ahead, had to wait a good 20 minutes before playing his second shot. By the time he did he had lost some of his early concentration. He pushed the ball far to the right, and it rolled into a nest of large stones at the bottom of a small drainage ditch that had been staked out as a lateral hazard.

From the predicament Palmer tried to extricate himself with a sand wedge. It

was an extremely awkward shot to hit from a contrived stance, and he just did get the ball out and into some long rough about 20 yards ahead, leaving him with a delicate 50-yard pitch to the green. He already lay 3 and, worse yet—which nobody but Palmer knew at the time—his sand wedge had just barely nicked one of the stones during his backswing.

After hitting the next shot into a bunker alongside the green and exploding out, Palmer was on the green in 5. He missed a tricky, slippery two-foot putt and, at last, got the ball in the hole in seven strokes. After holing out he asked someone to send for Tuthill, the tournament supervisor, so he could report what had happened in the ditch.

Tuthill arrived when Palmer was waiting to putt on the 14th green. They conferred for a few minutes as the gigantic gallery buzzed in a puzzled sort of way. Tuthill officially confirmed what Arnold already knew: he had to take a two-stroke penalty on the 11th hole. So, instead of a double-bogey 7, he had a 9.

There seemed little hope for Palmer now—unless the thunder and lightning that was beginning to rattle the skies overhead should produce a squall that would wash out the round. Palmer looked up at the dark clouds and said, "Come on down."

Occasional showers punctuated the rest of the late afternoon, but the Army held on and even roared as if victory were in sight when Palmer put on a slight charge with birdies at the 5th and 6th holes. At least, he had made the cut.

"I haven't given up yet," Palmer said with a wry grin. Before he left the club, however, he had to face one more awkward problem that would not improve his peace of mind. In the middle of this afternoon word had spread through the press tent that Paul Erath, the club pro at Laurel Valley, was resigning. Erath, an elderly and often rascable man, was quoted by the *Pittsburgh Press* as saying that Palmer and the PGA were ruining the golf course he had worked so hard to prepare. His major complaint seemed to concern a huge evergreen tree that had been planted on Wednesday night at the corner of the 3rd tee to prevent the golfers from taking a shortcut to the right on this doglegged hole. Erath regretted the placement and blamed Palmer for it.

Naturally, the reporters wanted Palmer's side. "I'm sorry Paul feels that way

continued

crow, crow, crow your boat...

Cool off Bird-style. There's nothing as refreshing (and tasty) as a tall, cool one made with Old Crow. This summertime favorite for generations is modern America's favorite Bourbon. For a raft of drinking pleasure, those who know, drink **OLD CROW**

Famous, Smooth, Mellow

merrily,
merrily,
merrily,
merrily.



FREE! MIXING MAGIC BOOKLETS dozens of recipes, serving suggestions and party ideas, all carefully illustrated. Send to Old Crow, Box 100 M, Wall St. Station, New York, N.Y. 10038

Omnia Manhattan "Academia Ordo" est dividium in partes tres



Free translation: To be a true classicist on campus—divide authentically-styled University Row[®] by Manhattan into three parts... dress shirts, sport shirts, sweaters. Then pack enough of each to carry you through a year of lectures, dates, games, bull sessions! Shirts feature all the important traditional details—correct collar roll, back button and pleat, locker loop, plaquet front, double-stitched cuffs.

I. Classic woven Madras cotton, \$5.95

II. Cotton oxford with new shapeable Taft collar: the "buttonless button-down," \$5

III. Authentic striped cotton oxford, \$5

IV. Country Twist iridescent cotton, \$5.95

V. Classic white cotton oxford, \$5



VI. Country Twill, cotton blazer plaid, \$5.95

VII. Stretch ski sweater of Orlon[®]/mohair/Lycra[®], \$14.95

VIII. Traditional tattersall, \$5

IX. Striped pullover sweater of worsted wool/mohair, \$15.95

X. Heu, eius nil est.

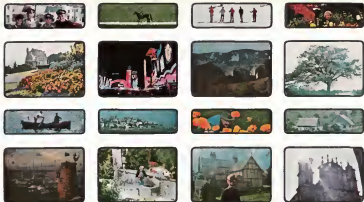
*DUPOINT T. M. FOR ACRYLIC FIBER

**DUPOINT T. M. FOR SPANDEX FIBER

University Row by *Manhattan*

INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN MARK OF QUALITY, AND LADY MANHATTAN® 8871 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 20





The Volkswagen Station Wagon comes with 21 views to choose from.

This is what the world looks like from the inside of a VW Station Wagon.

There are 21 windows all around. And a 14-square-foot hole in the roof.

So each of your nine passengers gets 2 1/3 views apiece.

(The VW has twice as much room as most wagons, so we have room for a lot more windows.)

The best seat in the house is right behind the steering wheel.



There's no hood in front to look over because the VW engine sits in back.

(This design not only lets you see better; it lets you park easier. Our Wagon is only 9 inches longer than our Sedan.)

And the extra time you spend looking at scenery comes from the time you don't spend looking for gas. 123 mpg on regular is about average.)

Who knows? After you've looked out of one, you may want to look into one.

about me," he said. "I think he did a fabulous job getting the course in shape. I think all the people who have given so much time to get the tournament ready should be congratulated, and I include Paul Erath in that. I've thought the tree should be there for about six months, and the tree was recommended and approved by a number of the members and the tournament committee. That's all I can say about it."

As Arnold and Winnie climbed into the Imperial for the drive home, it was dark and nearly 9 o'clock. They ate and then sat around with friends and talked shop until midnight. If Palmer were to recover tomorrow from the misfortunes of the first two days—particularly those four penalty strokes—it would certainly confirm a statement Winnie had made earlier in the week. "The more confusion there is," she said, "the happier and more relaxed Arnold is."

SATURDAY

If any day in this frenetic week of Arnold Palmer's could be considered normal, this one at least started out that way. He was hitting the ball well as he warmed up on the practice tee, and the golf he played during the first part of his round was heartening. But at the 8th, a really badly hit chip shot brought him his first bogey, followed by some sloppy golf and a double-bogey 6 at the 9th. For the first time since the tournament began the Army smelled defeat and began to desert Palmer little by little until it was scarcely more than a corporal's guard.

It has been a long time since Palmer has driven the ball any better than he was doing today. It may have been portentous that after two more birdies on the back nine, the second of two errant drives stopped under a tree. It was almost impossible to hit out. So there was another bogey, and Palmer finally staggered in with a shaky 74.

Back in the clubhouse Palmer slumped in front of his locker and fingered absently through a three-inch stack of mail that was waiting for him. He took off his black golf spikes, put his feet into a pair of black alligator loafers and talked for awhile about the future and the past.

"I haven't played well at all this year," he said, "and yet I don't feel I have been hitting the ball all that badly. Sometimes I am driving well, as I was today, but can't putt. Other times maybe I'm putting well but can't hit my

irons. I just can't put it all together at any one time.

"More than anything," he continued, "I need time to think things out. I'm just about through with golf for this year, and I'm going to take the time to get my life better organized. I've just been trying to do too many things, and I can't give the kind of attention to my golf that it really needs. I can't concentrate on it the way I ought to if I'm going to win. I'll spend a lot of time at home, and Winnie and I will probably take a vacation in Florida with friends.

"The trouble is that I know I can still play as well as I have. I was playing the best golf of my life only last year. I can't have gone off that quickly, so it must be in the way I am thinking.

"Sure, there have been a lot of things besides golf to think about this week. It may make it a little harder to concentrate at times, but that isn't the whole trouble. I have hit the ball well at times, but I've made so many stupid shots that I wasn't thinking out properly. Like that chip I made at No. 8 today. I know the green falls away fast there, and still I didn't play the shot right. I want to get over that kind of thing."

Palmer drove home, had a cold beer out of the tap the Palmers keep in their rumorm room and went swimming. Toward dark he returned home, charcoaled a dozen steaks, and was in excellent spirits all evening. But as Winnie put it, "Inside I know he was deeply disappointed, though he didn't want to show it to me or anyone else. He may have been relieved, though. Now he has the time to get the rest he needs."

SUNDAY

Arnold Palmer's final round, a 73 giving him 294 for the four days, could be of no consequence either to the tournament or his career. Only his pride was involved, the pride that would come from playing at least one truly fine round of golf during his special week. Palmer's hopes for the PGA championship and his opportunity to reverse the desultory trend of his golf this year died in a mind harassed by distractions and obligations, for here is a man who takes his responsibilities as seriously as his golf.

There are those who will say that as Palmer approaches his 36th birthday, he is past his physical peak. This is not necessarily true of a top golfer, whose nervous system is likely to go before the muscles he needs for golf. This week



Palmer seemed as fit and strong as he has been in the past half a dozen years of his supremacy. Poorly thought-out shots have been part of his trouble, probably because he was unable to concentrate over long spells. His many other interests—the Arnold Palmer golf clubs and shirts and slacks and balls and laundry and driving ranges and putting courses—always seem with him. (The way he has been expanding, everyone may soon be flying to the moon in an Arnold Palmer rocket and staying in an Arnold Palmer motel overlooking the Arnold Palmer crater.)

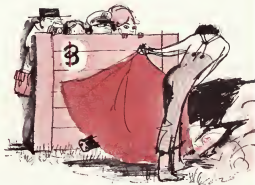
Putting has bothered him, too. For years he was the finest putter in golf, and during his wonderful winning streaks he made shots around the green that the other golfers could scarcely believe. Perhaps because of his inability to concentrate, he has been missing ever so slightly.

It is this mental adjustment to his present way of life that is the real key to Palmer's future. He must find a way to divide his attention between his golf and his business—the fruits of his success—that will not sacrifice either. If he can, he may recover his youthful optimism and confidence. Anybody who spends time with Arnold Palmer comes away believing that this magnetic and charming man can do anything. As so many people have said, he is touched with a kind of greatness. Arnie's Army feels it, and that is why it answers the master. It is hard to believe that he will not regain the pose that abandoned him this year. The PGA demonstrated to Palmer that he must solve the problem now. **END**



At Kennedy Airport the club prepares for the takeoff. The girl in center became a dropout in Spain. She decided to stay where the bulls were. The little old lady at right doesn't belong. She got mixed up in the group while she was en route to a Montserrat monastery to hear Gregorian music.

¡Olé! for the Brave Club



A pro demonstrates and then a clubber tries (oops!).

As is well known, there are no bullfights in New York, not even at Shea Stadium. There is, nevertheless, a *Club Taurino*. Its members include a Riverdale dentist, a Philadelphia salesman, a television commentator and a Powers model. Most of the time the club meets once a month to watch bullfight films, hear bullfight music and think hard thoughts about the A.S.P.C.A.

But recently 15 enthusiasts decided they had had enough of vicarious valor. They asked Vincent J-R Kehoe, a certified aficionado, to lead them on

a bullfight tour of Spain. He did, and Artist Marc Simont went along to record their adventures. These began at a small ranch near Madrid, where they tried cape and muleta passes with heifers (below). Thanks to member Ann Nieto, the *Club Taurino* will always be able to boast that it has shed blood in taurine combat. Ann got a 2-mm. cornada in one thigh. The trip culminated at the *Feria of Málaga* (following pages), where the *Taurinos* saw 75 bulls killed and where they found it is hard to shoot home movies while shouting "Olé!" through a sherry hangover.

Taurino!





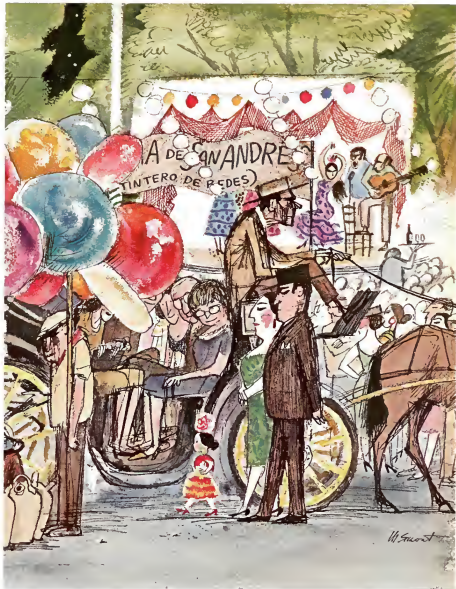
Having fought and bled, club members settle down at



Málaga to see how the pros do it. Here a matador lures the bull from a fallen horse with a *chieuelina*.



Again in danger (but only of exhaustion), several



durable clubbers take an early-morning carriage ride through Málaga's wild, gypsy-flavored festival.



Besides bulls and festivals, tour members saw a lot of Spanish life. Here they crowd a cave in Granada to watch a gypsy dance.

Córdoba was the last stop, and a good thing, too. This weary aficionado has disappeared into a choir stall in the famed cathedral.



MY LIFE IN PRO FOOTBALL: PART 2

**BY Y. A. TITTLE
WITH TEX MAULE**

SHOTGUN MARRIAGE TO THE GIANTS

When Coach Red Hickey concocted his fancy shotgun offense at San Francisco, Tittle became expendable. At first he balked at being traded to New York, but he absorbed the Giants' flaming esprit, took over from aging Charlie Conerly and won adulation in three rousing seasons

©1987 Time Inc. All rights reserved.





I threw two bad passes for San Francisco in the eighth game of the 1959 season and was on my way to New York. It was a year and a half before I got my ticket, but Red Hickey, the San Francisco coach, must have made up his mind on that cold afternoon in Chicago.

Red had taken over from Frank Albert as the head coach of the 49ers in 1959. John Brodie and I were the quarterbacks. I respected Hickey, but he was never sure which quarterback he preferred. He went with what would win, and he went with me for the first six games of the 1959 season, when we won five and lost only one. I think Hickey really would have preferred to use Brodie, because of his youth, but he was a practical man and he did not want to break up a winning combination.

That season I had an infection of the inner ear that made me dizzy most of the time. My coordination was off and I wasn't very accurate. I probably had the worst year of my career in percentage of passes completed, but we had a hell of a team and we won—until we played the Bears in Chicago in November.

When I went into that game for the first time we were already a touchdown behind. For a change I didn't feel dizzy, but I threw two of the worst passes of my life. Hugh McIlhenry got loose on a pattern and I overthrew him by a mile, and a Bear defensive back was so surprised he let the ball bounce off his chest. Billy Wilson got free from here to yonder on the next play, and I threw the ball right to another Bear and this time he didn't drop it.

I came back to the bench and Hickey looked at me as if I were something he had just stepped in. He was not a man to hide his emotions. We held the Bears and they punted and I started to put my hat on and Hickey said, "Hold it, Y. A. Brodie is going in for you."

I didn't know it then, but that was the end of the line for me and the 49ers. The 1960 season in San Francisco started sort of half-half for me. I was splitting time with Brodie, and splitting time is not as good for the old quarterback as it is for the young one. I began to understand how Frank Albert had felt when I came to the 49ers. The two-quarterback setup was all right for John. He was the kid coming in, making in-



RED HICKEY platooned Tittle and John Brodie before trading Y. A. for a lineman

roads. I was the old man fighting for his job. There was a lot more pressure on me than there was on him. Every minute I spent on the bench was a sign that I was slipping back.

Earlier I talked about a quarterback making it big when he has the feel and the power to inspire confidence in himself and in his team. A situation like the one with Brodie begins to take that away from you. Now I was no longer sure that whatever I did was right. I was almost a rookie again. I had Brodie breathing down my neck and I was playing under Hickey and his rigid game plans, and I began trying to please the coach again instead of myself.

I reached the point where I started explaining my calls while I was coming off the field. I went along with the game plan 100%, even though I knew I should deviate at times. I began to be afraid of making mistakes.

I can look back now and see what fear took out of me. I started against New York in the first game of 1960. Then, against Detroit, Brodie went in and won the game in the last few minutes. He started the next game, had a bad half and I came in and did pretty well, but we didn't win. We played Chicago and I got a bad groin.

continued

injury. The next game we lost big to Detroit, then we beat Dallas and I tore the groin muscle again. But the torn muscle wasn't the worst thing that happened to me in Dallas. That was where Hickey made up his mind to go to the shotgun formation.

On the Saturday before the game Hickey went out to see Southern Methodist and watched Don Meredith operating from a spread formation. Don had a good day. The next week we were playing the Baltimore Colts, who had won the championship in 1958 and were considered a superclub. We came out to practice, and Hickey pulled some notes out of his pocket and introduced us to the shotgun.

I think at the time he only meant to use it part of the time, to confuse defenses. The club was a bit dubious about the idea at first, but you don't argue with Hickey. Since the shotgun required a running quarterback, it was pretty clear that Hickey did not count on me to operate it. He had Brodie and Bob Waters, both of whom could run and pass, and Y. A. Titile, who couldn't

run his way out of a wet paper sack.

Even if I had been a good runner, the torn groin muscle would have stopped me. Against Baltimore, I got in for one play, when Brodie was knocked groggy. I reentered my groin and came out, with Waters taking over. We upset Baltimore, then thumped the Rams and the Colts again with the shotgun and I did not play at all. I sat on the bench for the last four games of the season. I began to think my career was over.

Hickey didn't make any trades between the 1960 and 1961 season, though, and I went to camp in 1961 in the best condition of my life. I usually weigh about 210 at the beginning of camp and take off weight slowly, that year I showed up at 194. There were rumors that I would be traded, and I told Hickey that if I were it had to be to Los Angeles or I would quit.

I had a real good training camp. We were using a lot of regular T and I was throwing good and looking good. Our first exhibition game was against the New York Giants, and Hickey announced that Brodie would play the first half and that I would play the second. He didn't mention Bob Waters or Bill Kilmer, the other two quarterbacks. I began to hope that maybe I had impressed him so much that he had given up the idea of trading me away from the 49ers.

Brodie had a bad first half against New York, and I was hot as a firecracker in the second half. After the game I felt even better about my chances of staying in San Francisco, but I guess that good performance actually hastened the trade. I don't know whether or not Hickey put me in against the Giants just to show them what I could do, but on the Tuesday following the game, when I reported to training camp, Hickey called me in.

"Well, Y. A.," he said, "you have been traded to New York for Lou Cordileone."

"Who?" I asked him. I had never heard of Lou Cordileone.

Hickey said it was one of the toughest decisions he had ever had to make, but I wasn't paying much attention to him. You try to whistle in the dark when a thing like this happens, but you can't convince yourself it doesn't hurt. For the first time in my football life I was not needed.

I told Hickey I didn't blame him for doing what he thought was best for the club and that I felt no bitterness toward

him. Then I asked him if I could talk to the squad before I left. They were out on the field, waiting to begin practice.

I didn't want anyone to feel sorry for me. I told the team that, and I told them that I had already gotten a lot out of football and I had no complaints.

Then I left. I had said I wouldn't play for anyone but Los Angeles, but I had had such a good half against the Giants I wanted to go on. Maybe if I had looked bad against New York I would have said to hell with it. Frank Gifford called me and welcomed me to the club, and I asked him if he thought I would get to play much with Charlie Conerly in there. The coach always tells you that you will, but I wanted the opinion of a player.

"Sure," Gifford said. "Charlie can't carry the whole load anymore. You'll play a lot."

I reported to the Giants' camp in Salem, Ore., and the players welcomed me about the way you would welcome a bell collector. They weren't actively unfriendly, but this was a veteran club and all the players had already established their friendships. There wasn't room for Y. A. in any of the establishments. I was too old to fraternize with the rookies, so until Del Shofner came to the team from the Rams three weeks later I was about the loneliest man in town.

It didn't help any when I got raked on the first play of my first Giant game. That was an exhibition against the Rams. I had learned a couple of off-tackle plays and a couple of passes from Don Heinrich on the plane to Los Angeles. I worked on the snap from center with Ray Wietecha just before the game; it takes longer than that to get accustomed to a new center.

Anyway, Allice Sherman put me in late in the game and I called one of the off-tackle plays and fumbled the snapback. I poked up the ball and started to run and proved all over again that quarterbacks should never run. I saw I wasn't going to get anywhere and dropped to the ground just as about a thousand pounds of Ram linemen lit on my back. I could feel things pop in my backbone. I knew I had had it. When they peeled the Rams off me, I struggled to my feet and waved at the bench and hobbled off the field.

It turned out that I had two cracked transverse processes in my back and that I would be out for five weeks. So my first five weeks with the Giants were

continued



CHARLIE CONERLY played his last games in 1961, scoring with Y. A. to win in L.A.



**"When you slam
the brakes at 160 mph
—when everything on
a car's already hot—
they get hot
enough to glow."**

DAN GURNEY



Dan Gurney, one of America's great Grand Prix drivers, can tell you that heat sears the life out of brakes. Speed alone means heat, braking means even more of it.

Excessive heat buildup in brake drums causes brake fade—and Gurney wants nothing to do with it. Neither do you. You may have sensed your brakes losing their effectiveness when driving in go-

again, stop-again traffic. Since aluminum shrugs off heat faster, aluminum drums virtually eliminate brake fade. More and more brake designers are using tough aluminum for brake drums. Aluminum also lessens unsprung weight in wheel areas and all through the car for better all-round performance.

That's probably why the amount of aluminum per

American car has more than doubled in less than 10 years. Light, strong Alcoa® Aluminum in engines, wheels, brakes, radiators, air conditioners, trim and other vital parts. They're better cars for it.

ASK ANY DEALER HOW
ALCOA ALUMINUM CHANGES
YOUR CAR FOR THE BETTER



ALCOA



This is the famous Budweiser brewed
by any other brewer which costs
exclusive Beechwood Ageing
and a drinkability you will find



GENUINE



Budweiser

KING OF

*Brewed by our original
Choicest Hops, Rice and*

THE LARGEST-SELLING

Anheuser-

ST. LOUIS
TAMPA

NEWARK

er. We know of no brand produced
 ts so much to brew and age. Our
 produces a taste, a smoothness
 in no other beer at any price.



BUDWEISER
 LAGER BEER



reiser.

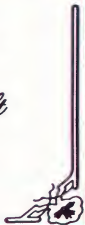
BEERS

*inal process from the
 and Best Barley Malt*

BEER IN THE WORLD

Busch, Inc.

LOS ANGELES
 and soon HOUSTON



GENUINE



Dave Marr and caddies in the new Jantzen golf sweaters

A quick explanation about the caddies in the camel cardigans, then to the business at hand: the caddy with the hockey putter is Bobby Hull, and the caddy with the football kicking tee is Frank Gifford. Now the sweaters. Dave Marr told us how to make the sweaters that the pro golfer wants. A soft and luxurious fabric that will hold its shape; the result is fine gauge zephyr wool. A loose sleeve, but not too loose; thus the semi-bell sleeves you see here. Freedom in the shoulders, these have it. And, said Dave, the six right colors. We have them; all colors coordinate with Jantzen golf shirts (which come in sixteen colors)—the classic knit collar and the popular half turtles, in long shirt tail as well as banded waist. Get yours, and get swinging.

A quick explanation about



jantzen

INTERNATIONAL SPORTS CLUB

 Bobby Hull	 Frank Gifford	 Dave Marr
 Jantzen	 Jantzen	 Jantzen
 Jantzen	 Jantzen	 Jantzen

sportswear for sportsman
JANTZEN INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.

spent standing around in street clothes watching them work. You get to know the guys on a squad by being in games with them, and I suppose that injury slowed my acceptance by the club as much as any one thing.

When I got back into my working clothes, though, I found Sherman a wonderful coach to play for, and whatever loneliness I had felt before disappeared. I was now a Giant and a happy one. His practices were the most carefully planned I had ever seen, and his relationship with the players was warm and considerate.

As I said before, a two-quarterback setup is almost always a bad one. Sherman had Conerly, who had led the Giants for 10 years, and me, another veteran. Sherman handled the situation well, as he handled everything. He called us into his office one afternoon.

"You have both seen the speculation in the papers on who is going to be the Giants' No. 1 quarterback," he said. "You are both used to starting, but you are both mature men, too. This will be a difficult situation for all of us. You will have to make some sacrifices and trust in me when I make whatever moves I have to. But as long as you are healthy, one or the other of you will be in the game. I consider both of you my No. 1 quarterback."

He never again referred to either me or Charlie as No. 1. We shared time in 1961 and, to Charlie's credit, he took my intrusion gracefully and with no sign of animosity. He and Sherman made a difficult situation a good one.

When I first sized up the Giant squad, I was a little surprised. They were not as able, physically, as the 49ers had been, yet over the years they had been a more successful team. I soon discovered the difference, maturity. For instance, position by position, the San Francisco defensive backs looked like the finest in the league. But the New York secondary was better because of its age and greater experience.

The second big difference, and probably the most important, was that the Giant players expected to win. I was amazed at first, listening to them talk. Discussing what they would do at the end of the season, they based their plans on the championship game. The wives were the same way.

The 49ers always hoped to win, but the Giants *knew* they would. I suppose the New York Yankees in baseball have

continued

Martin's spent 8 years getting ready for tonight.



You'll be glad
we waited!

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 88 & PROOF IMPORTED BY HARRISON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. © M&R, 1965

Yashica brings out the photographer in you

Unleash the creative you and make really fine photographs with a camera capable of delivering professional quality. The Yashica Lynx-5000 is truly a superb instrument, which lets you compose, focus, set exposure and take the picture without removing your eye from the finder. But more importantly, its match-needle exposure system sets the controls or lets you take charge, as you wish. Yashinon f/1.8 lens, 1/1000th shutter, CdS meter. Under \$90, plus case.



Lynx-14—Same camera, with Yashinon DX/1.4 lens, 1/500th shutter. Under \$130.

YASHICA®

YASHICA INC., 50 37 QUEENS BLVD.
WOODSIDE, N.Y. 11377 • DEPT. 5



You can date for less in Lee Leens.

(With the authority of the Leen-look, you can convince her that going out... is out.)



Slip into a pair of Lee Leens.

You'll look so great that the modest price of a pizza pie will get you a whole evening of fun and games. Leens' slim, tapered legs and low-riding, hip-hugging waist make you look taller. The action-cut tailoring gives you the powerful grace of a panther. A real bargain date. But, you need the authority of Lee Leens to get away with it. Shown, Lee Leens in Leatherneck Twill, 100% cotton; Sanforized and Mercerized. In Sand, Loden and Black. \$4.98. Other Leens from \$4.98 to \$6.98.

Lee Leens®

© 1991 Lee Leens, Inc. (San Francisco, CA) 94111

Y. A. TITTLE *continued*

the same feeling—had it, at least. No other football team I played for had it.

I had had some good years with the 49ers, but I think I played better for the Giants. That probably happens often when a man is traded up to a championship team. The spirit of the club rubs off on him and he plays up to their standards. It works in reverse, too, with a player traded down to a loser. He frequently drops off.

Of course, if you expect to win, as the Giants did, the other clubs feel it and they never really believe they are going to beat you.

As the year went along I found that one of the reasons for the Giants' faith in themselves and their winning tradition was their truly great defensive unit. This was a team to itself; they had been together for several years and they had the finest *esprit de corps* I had ever come across. The offensive unit had pride, too, but it was not quite as closely knit. I was in my first year, and so were Del Shofner, Joe Walton and Greg Larsen, so the old offensive pattern was broken.

The defensive players called themselves the DVWs, which meant Defense vs. the World. They used code words and doubletalk in talking about the defenses when a member of the offensive team was within hearing. They were not exactly a clique. The offense and defense were like different fraternities at the same school.

Once I learned Sherman's system, I thought it was the best I had ever played; it was certainly the simplest. Allie kept frills to a minimum. He fitted his system to his players. Some coaches try to squeeze players willy-nilly into a system. For instance, we did not have fast backs who could turn a corner, so we didn't run sweeps.

"Why put in a play our personnel can't execute?" Sherman said. "Let's stay within our capabilities."

We had only one formation or set, and all our plays started out of it. The big, strong running backs, like Alex Webster, were set up behind the guards, forming a cup for the protection of the passer. You can't run sweeps very well from that kind of set, but since we weren't going to run the ends anyway it didn't cost us anything. Allie wanted those backs in position to pick up linebackers and protect the passer.

With the team we had, the pass was obviously our most effective weapon.

continued

Dial's no quitter. It protects you longer than any other soap. Because Dial has AT-7. So you get rid of the bacteria that cause perspiration odor. And that's that.



Aren't you
glad you use
Dial Soap!



(don't you wish everybody did?)

Which is the Guest of ALBERT PICK?

The smiling one,* of course. They're smiling because they're treated as real persons at Albert Pick Hotels and Motels, and they like getting good food, good service, good value.



HOTELS MOTELS

You'll smile too, once you get the Albert Pick habit. Our hotels and motels stretch from New York to California, Montreal to Miami Beach. Try us.

PICK HOTELS: Birmingham/Chicago/Cleveland/Columbus, O./Detroit/Flint, Mich./Harrisburg/Pittsburgh/New York (Belmont Plaza)/Pittsburgh/St. Louis/Seattle/Spokane/Washington, D.C./Canada: Montreal (Windsor)/Toronto (Lind Street).

ALBERT PICK MOTELS: Atlanta (Oak Cape)/Baltimore/Chicago (O'Hare Motor Lodge)/Colorado Springs/Columbus, O. (Naborside Inn)/E. Lansing, Mich./Harrisburg, Pa. (Naborside Inn)/Hartsville, Ala./Lebanon, Mo./Miami Beach/Honolulu (Olimpia Hotel)/Mobile, Ala./Montgomery/Myrtle Beach, S.C./Pittsburgh (Pittsburgh Motor Hotel)/Portland, Ore./Riverside, Calif./Rockford, Ill./Sacramento (Carnegie Inn)/San Antonio/Springfield, Mo. (Lampighter Motor Hotel)/St. Louis/Tallahassee (Olin Hotel)/Tampa, Fla. (Lampighter Motor Hotel).

RESERVATION OFFICES: Atlanta/Boston/Chicago/Los Angeles/Milwaukee/New York/Philadelphia/San Francisco/Seattle/Washington, D.C. Pick Hotels Corporation • 20 North Wacker Drive • Chicago, Illinois 60606 • Albert Pick, Jr., President



J. MARSHALL MORIN
Colorado Springs, Colo.



JOHN OLIN MOSCHETTI
Chicago, Illinois

For QUICK-PICK confirmation of reservations call any Albert Pick Hotel/Motel, reservation office, or your travel agent.

Latest to join the Albert Pick family are

Atlanta, Ga.

Pick Cape Hotel

Montreal, Que.

Windsor Hotel

Point Pleasant, West Va.

Pleasant Point Resort

Sacramento, Calif.

Carnegie Inn

San Antonio, Texas

Albert Pick Motel

Springfield, Mo.

Lampighter Motor Hotel

Toronto, Ont.

Lind Street Hotel

Y. A. TITTLE continued

We had remarkable receivers in Shofner and Rose and Walton and Gifford. Sherman designed his offense to take advantage of them.

We had no more than seven or eight running plays in my four years with the Giants, but that was enough. Our passing formations were simple, too, and the quarterback did not have to call the pass-blocking assignments, because they were always the same.

Another advantage of using just one formation was that the quarterback could always tell where a play broke down—who blew a blocking assignment, for example. If you line up in seven or eight different sets, it may be one back's assignment to pick up a blitz on one play and another man's on the next. With only one formation, the assignments are clear and the failures are obvious.

After that first year with the Giants I used to argue strategy between seasons with Bill Johnson, who had played center on the 49ers with me and was then coaching their line.

"That's too simple, Yaw," he'd tell me. "You limit yourself too much. You can't go outside, you can't do this, you can't do that."

I reminded him of an old San Francisco saying, "Never criticize the trapper with the skins on the wall." New York had the skins, and simplicity was the key. We did not beat ourselves.

Sherman's theory was that if a club beats its opponent 55% of the time but makes enough mistakes in a game to beat itself 10%, it will lose. But if the same club can beat an opponent 51% of the time and never beat itself, it will win. That was the theory the Giants operated on, and it won division championships three years in a row while I was with them. We didn't confuse our opponents much, but we weren't confused at all ourselves.

Probably the happiest moment in my whole football career came at the end of the 1961 season and, oddly enough, I was on the bench when it happened. We were playing Cleveland at the Stadium, and the score was tied 7-7. All we needed was the tie to win the Eastern Division championship. Our defense had the Browns bottled up deep in their own territory as the last seconds ticked away, but I had been close before so often without making it that I was holding my breath waiting for the gun.

continued



Try
**Field &
Stream**
...the different
new aromatic
pipe tobacco



HOW MANY TO GO?

No need to worry about that; we'll let you know well in advance. But when it's time to renew your subscription, don't forget that the longer it runs, the more you save.

A few years ago, a home with a library of good recorded music was a rarity. Record clubs now serve 35 million members — another cultural service of Business Mail.



No wonder the English have kept cool for 196 years!

(mix an iced drink with Gordon's to see how they do it)

Ford Motor



ore boat to showboat

Company is:



When we began building it, this Ford Galaxie LTD was part of a mountain of ore in Minnesota.

That's where our quality production begins—right with the raw iron ore. We ship the ore in our own boats. We make almost 50% of our own steel. We make safety glass, vinyls, paint—

Autolite batteries and sparkplugs, too.

We are the only manufacturer that builds a car from the ground up—controls quality every step of the way. This enables us to set and maintain unsurpassed quality standards.

When it comes to quality, we move mountains.

Ford-built means better built



MUSTANG • FALCON • FAIRLANE • FORD
COMET • MERCURY
THUNDERBIRD • LINCOLN CONTINENTAL



The Larsons of Chicago need accommodations for four...Ed, Donna, and two dogs. They select a motel near Wisconsin Dells from the Mobil Travel Guide.*

To see America best, see your Mobil dealer first

Looking for a place to stay with a pet? A "local atmosphere" restaurant? Laundry service? Your Mobil dealer can help you find them. He's trained to take the guesswork out of travel.

From the best restaurant to the best route...whatever your need, Mobil dealers are trained to help. Here's how:

Your One-Man Travel Center. With the new 1965 Mobil Travel Guide, your Mobil dealer can give you frank quality ratings on over 20,000 hotels, motels, and restaurants. Facts on service, values and prices. Information about baby sitters, coin-laundries, sight-seeing, even special facilities for children and pets.

Help with routes. He can give you easy-to-read Mobil maps. Or, order specially marked maps showing the best fast or scenic route to your destination.

Provide local information. The Mobil dealer is trained to know local landmarks, places of worship, recreation areas...and, of course, how to keep your car running smoothly with quality Mobil products...wherever you travel. Let Mobil be your Travel Guide.



The Dells—intimate and beautiful rock formations along the Wisconsin River.



For good advice and good products depend on your Mobil dealer

*Mobil Travel Guides—now on sale at most Mobil stations for \$1.50 each (suggested retail price).



...and the Larsons help protect their vacation pleasure with Mobil Premier Tires.

Tire troubles won't spoil the Larsons' vacation drive through the Wisconsin Dells: they got a new set of Mobil Premier Tires from their Mobil dealer and they rely on his safety checks. He takes a look at the tires when they drive in...and makes a thorough tire inspection when they leave the car for service. And when the Larsons need tires they go to their Mobil dealer—he's the most convenient, reliable tire source they've ever found. He carries a full line of quality Mobil tires including the Mobil Premier.

See your Mobil dealer soon for the complete story on these Mobil Premier extras: *extra* contact for cornering, *extra* gripping power with new "Round Shoulder" construction; *extra* traction with new 4-Rib Tread Design; *extra* durability and toughness with a New Rubber Compound.



Convenient Credit

Millions of motorists buy tires from Mobil dealers and enjoy convenient credit terms...no down payment and up to 6 months to pay with a Mobil Credit Card.



Yes, too, can see America safely...see your Mobil dealer for a reassuring tire inspection or a new set of Quality Mobil Premier Tires.

Y. A. TITTLE continued



A HAPPY YAT got a hug from Allie Sherman after Giants clinched 1961 division win.

When it went off, I jumped up and down and hollered like a high school kid. I mean, 14 years is a long time to play football without being on a championship team. The championships in 1962 and 1963 were good and satisfying and I had better seasons in those years, but nothing will ever touch the feeling I had when we won in 1961.

Conerly, I think, was the key to that championship. He was a quiet man who did not speak often or long and he had an expressionless face. He must have felt bad, after 10 years as the Giant quarterback, having to share his last season with me. But he never showed it and never said anything to me that was not complimentary. We became close friends, socially, but we never talked football off the field.

Only once was there any hint of trouble. That was in the third game of the season, after Charlie had thrown a long pass that was intercepted and run back for a touchdown. Before that play Sherman had asked me to warm up, and I went in when we took over again. Conerly was angry and he showed it by slamming his helmet to the ground, but he did not say anything.

After the game, Sherman said to him, "I didn't yank you for the interception, Charlie. I was going to play Y. A. anyway."

"Forget it," Charlie said. "I understand. It's all right."

Later in the season I had a bad half in a game I started against Los Angeles, and Charlie went in and saved it. So the next week he started.

"I'm not starting him because you were bad, Yat," Sherman explained to me. "I'm starting him because he deserves it for having been so good."

It was my turn to tell Sherman I understood, and I did.

The next two years were the best I ever had. Rote retired after the 1961 season, but Gifford came back. We sort of groped our way through the exhibition season while he was getting used to playing out on the flank. He didn't really get his legs under him until about the third game of the season, against Pittsburgh. He came on like Gangbusters in that one and was tremendous the rest of the year.

One thing that bothered me a little was that I ran into more zone defenses in the East than in the West. I hated zone teams—not because they are harder to beat than teams that use man-to-man coverage but because zone coverage takes away the home run. When you know a team is in a zone you can't eat it up but you have to nibble it to death. The zone shackles a good quarterback with a fine deep receiver like Shofner. I always felt that almost any quarterback could throw the short passes that beat a zone.

I always believed sincerely that I could hit an open deep receiver, and I hated to see Shofner reduced to catching short patterns. It's like making Mickey Mantle a pinch hitter, or asking him to bunt. Sure, he can bunt, but so can the .250 hitter. The people pay to see him ride one out of the park.

For three years we won division championships and lost the big one—twice to the Green Bay Packers and once to the Chicago Bears. The football writers began to say that Tittle could not win the big games—I guess by that they meant the championship games. I have won some very big games—and I have lost some, too.

I think we could have won two of those championship games.

NEXT WEEK

Y. A. Tittle concludes the story of his pro football career with a frank analysis of what went awry in the last disastrous year.



SPORTING LOOK

BY JULIE CAMPBELL

WAY OUT WEST IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE

It is enough to bust the heartstrings of a true Gaullist. In the midst of a campaign to rid the French language of Americanisms, the popularity of "Bonanza" on TV and a string of Western movies has launched "le style Far West" in the land of the haute couture. Levi Strauss figures to sell 1,750,000 pairs of jeans this year to St. Tropez sailors—and Parisian socialites. Shops with such names as Western House are doing a land office business in "chemises de Cheyenne" and luxurious jackets of leathers and suedes, such as those worn here in Paris, that are stitched, cut and fitted like a Wyoming ranch hand's denim.



For a ride through the Bois de Boulogne, Marie-Claude Poirier chooses a fitted jacket of white lambskin by McDouglas, a fine French leather company. It has western-style stitching and snaps.

In the swirl of Champs-Élysées traffic Marike Klem rides pillion on Jean-Louis de Marhavé's scooter. Both are clad in McDouglas suede jackets; hers is lined in chinchilla-dyed gray rabbit fur.

CONTINUED



At the training track at Maisons-Laffitte, Stéphanie Cauchoix (on a 2-year-old filly) and friends all wear "le style Far West." Her suede jacket is by Dorothée Bis. Marie-Claude Poiner (left) and Marika Klein wear McDouglas rough-out—brushed cowhide—jackets, one in forest green, the other in teal blue. Jean-Louis de Marliave's Davy Crockett jacket comes from Western House.

Illustration: E. HENRIKSEN

On a carousel in the Tuileries, Jean-Paul Maze is as way-out-West as Disneyland in a pint-size McDouglas rough-out jacket and a ten-gallon hat. Bloomingdale's and Dunhill Tailors of New York are importing many of the McDouglas styles this fall.





HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW

Enjoy it with your pipe and slippers, too.

Of course, you always enjoy Heineken in restaurants. But with your shoes off? Not likely. Still, that's the best way. It reminds you Heineken is unhurried. Our brewmasters know you can't rush great beer. So they never try. A 300-year-old formula still guides them. It calls for the best ingredients money can buy. Slow brewing. And aging for three full months. That makes for natural carbonation and tiny, tiny bubbles. (The smaller the bubbles, the better the beer, you know.) Naturally, Heineken is not above calling on modern science for assistance. That's how we produce a great beer once every bottle. It's a nice thought to carry home with you. HEINEKEN IMPORTED BEER



Use a helping hand to steady the head



So many good shots are hit by the golfer who can keep his head steady throughout the swing and so many bad ones by the golfer who cannot that mastering this fundamental is obviously worth all the effort involved. A golfer whose head sways will lose not only power but direction. If his head sways back or dips he is likely to hit behind the ball. If his head sways toward the target the chances are he will hit one of golf's most annoying and expensive shots, the cold top, which leaves a scowl on the face of the golfer and a smile on the now useless ball. I have a practice technique that may help you if you have tried less drastic remedies and are still having trouble keeping your head steady. While you hit practice shots with a short iron, have a friend lean toward you with his hand placed firmly on the top of your head (*left*) to hold it in a steady position. Hit as many shots as your friend is willing to stand still for, all the while swinging smoothly through the ball as you try to get the feel of the proper rotation. If this does not seem to help, you can go one step further. Have your obliging assistant grab a handful of hair and tell him to hang on tight. Now you will know immediately and memorably if your head moves even a fraction of an inch while you swing.

© 1985 Jack Nicklaus & Al Adams Company

By practicing under the pressure of a firm hand, you learn to ensure your shoulders around an immovable head as if you were a well-oiled piece of machinery.

FRANCIS COLSON



Graciousness is a trip on Lufthansa

A fresh red rose to grace your place at dinner, the elegance of Rosenthal China to favor you as an honored guest, soft velvet-covered clothes hangers to help you look as fine as you'll feel. Graciousness is little things: little things that mean a lot, all over Lufthansa's world-wide system.

Our pleasure is yours. This maxim, put into practice, has made us one of the top 4 airlines to Europe.

May we host your next trip abroad? For reservations, please call your Travel Agent. Or Lufthansa German Airlines—offices in all the principal cities of the U.S.A. and Canada.



Friendly, Familiar, Foreign & Near



ONTARIO
Canada



And, in the Fall, an inviting new world as varied as the leaves of the trees. Autumn in Ontario offers you the riotous, yet restful colours of unspoiled nature . . . shopping in charming boutiques or bustling department stores . . . an exhilarating day at the races . . . a leisurely dinner in a romantic café. Discover your own personal Ontario Autumn. Write for our free booklet (52 pages in full colour) to: Department of Tourism & Information, Room 130, Parliament Buildings, Queen's Park, Toronto.



Arnold Palmer climaxed a long stretch of bad luck by taking two bizarre two-stroke penalties on home grounds at the PGA in Ligonier, Pa. One private suffering along in Arnie's Army was more dismayed than most. "By golly, Arnie just hasn't been the same since he took my advice," said golfer **Dwight Eisenhower**, partially blaming himself for Palmer's ill fortune. And what did he advise? "I strongly urged him to give up smoking."

Minnesota Twins Manager Sam Rice is getting every kind of help from his womenfolk. The day he got a telegram from the American League notifying him that he had been fined \$500 for a set-to with umpire Bill Valentine, Mrs. Rice observed complacently that, with the \$500 she had won on a quiz show earlier this season, they had just broken even between the two of them. Then she volunteered to go on television again. About the same time, Mrs. Anthony Mele, 73-year-old mother of Sebath Anthony, was explaining to reporters why she is rooting for the Twins to win the pennant rather than the White Sox, coached by her brother, Tony Cuccinello. "Sam's family needs the money more," she said. But Mele's wife retained the helpfulness title. The Meles are expecting, along with a World Series and a new house, a new baby in the first week of October. Mrs. Mele promised: "I'll be with Sam at Metropolitan Stadium for the World Series if I have to have the baby on the mound."

And then there was **Gene Mingo** of Oakland, Calif. Shortly before the Raiders' game against San Diego, Mingo learned that his wife Erma had given birth to their fourth child. Gene was, as usual, warming the bench—until a moment in the third quarter when Coach Al Davis was about to put in his punting team. Mingo leapt up and asked for a chance to try a field goal. Davis agreed. Seconds later the Raiders had a 10-3 lead and Mingo

had a 49-yard field goal to his—and hours-old son Gene Jr.'s—credit.

Besides writing *Wild Animals I Have Known* and many other popular nature books, the late **Ernest Thompson Seton** was an illustrator of some distinction, as well as a portrait and landscape painter. He also was a leader in founding the Boy Scouts of America in 1910 and wrote its first manual. He devoted his later years to lecturing and writing and to a teaching institute at his 45-room "Seton Castle" near Santa Fe, N. Mex. After his death his widow kept the castle, with its many books, drawings and exhibits, open to students and tours. An individualist with a pious sense of humor, **Julia Seton** was often accused of placing an unusual number of her husband's sketches of nudes on display whenever a particularly stand group was due. Last week Mrs. Seton announced that she is giving the Scouts 69,000 books, 3,200 paintings, 2,000 animal and bird skins, the Indian Museum at Seton Castle and the use of the castle itself. Under the Scouts, Seton Castle will continue to be used for display of nature study exhibits, albeit with few nudes.

For a player who was drafted by two pro teams, **Fred Polser**, 240-pound 6-5 defensive end from East Texas State, didn't last long. Released by the San Francisco 49ers after a short try-out, Polser checked into the cross-bay Oakland Raiders' Santa Rosa camp. On his way to pick up his gear, Fred met the man he would have to beat out: 280-pound 6-foot-7 **Ben (The Tree) Davidson**—a tree with a fierce red mustache. "I don't think I can make this club either," Polser mumbled, pivoting on his heel and leaving for Texas.

James Stillman Rockefeller Jr. (son of First National City Bank Board Chairman James S. Rockefeller and the former Nancy Carnegie, in case you have difficulty keeping them all straight) has long nurtured a mania for

the Friendship sloop of Maine fame. He once sailed such a craft to the South Seas. About a year ago James decided he might as well go into the business and make his own. He started Bald Mountain Boat Works, attached to his home on Bald Mountain in Camden, Me., to build Friendships, other traditional Maine boats and gunning dories. And if you think a mountain is a strange place for a boat works, you just don't know James S. Rockefeller Jr. When *Old Baldy*, his 25-foot pilot-model Friendship, was finished, it was five miles away from the water. He moved it down the mountain in the tried and tested Maine way. Oxen.

Mayor Hugh T. Cropper Jr. of Ocean City, Md. is up in the air about kites. As anybody who has ever napped while sunbathing on the beach can tell you, the worst way to be awakened is to be dashed with a pail of cold water. The second worst, as bathers at Ocean City affirm, is to have one's pelt punctured by a sharp foreign object. Kites, these days, usually are made of thin sheets of plastic stretched over a stick frame, the front of which ends in a sharp point capable of extracting mighty oaths if nosedived onto a snoozing sunbather. So Cropper has banned kites at beaches. But he has fears of coming a cropper politically anyway. "We've banned so much lately," he sighs, "that I'd hate to have it hit the newspapers that we're trying to keep little kids from flying kites."

Russian High Jumper Valeri Brumel, holder of the world altitude record, had a little problem with height at the Moskva Hotel in Kiev before the U.S.-Russia meet. Seized by an attack of dizziness, Brumel had to be moved to a room nine floors lower. Height, it seems, gives Brumel vertigo.

Novelist **Edna Ferber**, on the occasion of her 78th birthday, was reluctant to offer advice to her juniors, but revealed some of her

own rules: "I've never observed a birthday. I walk two miles a day. I've got all my teeth and I eat steak."

Freeman (Amos 'n' Andy) Gosden of the old *Amos 'n' Andy* show back in the golden age of radio shot a respectable 82 recently to win the handicap golf tournament at Laurance Rockefeller's Mauna Kea Beach Hotel on Hawaii. How about that, Kingfish?

A rather thoroughly outfitted **King Gustaf of Sweden** (below) went fishing for a fortnight in Lapland. Since Gustaf Adolf's catches of trout ran about half a pound each, it was something of a case of expecting sea monsters and catching minnows. The tone of the whole trip was more or less set at the beginning when, after a 435-mile flight from Stockholm, the 82-year-old monarch's helicopter made a forced landing on a mountain-side. Day after day of rain followed, the king caught a cold and the catches remained comically poor. Finally Gustaf retreated to his lodge in the village of Tarna and good-naturedly settled for sessions of his favorite card game, canasta.



Much too much snow for Portillo

This was to have been the most festive week that Portillo, Chile had ever seen. But five feet of new snow a day and a tragic avalanche canceled Portillo's first ski carnival and threatened its 1986 F.I.S. competition

Portillo has always been the world's most improbable ski resort. It is more than 5,000 miles away from the ski-population centers of Europe and the U.S. It is at best a five-hour trip up into the Chilean Andes from Santiago by the chugging railroad that connects Santiago with Buenos Aires. It can sleep only 400 people in a few chalets and one crescent-shaped hotel, which is reflected in the spectacular Lake of the Incas like some aging ocean liner. But in Portillo the snow season begins when it ends almost everywhere else, and many of the

world's best instructors and racers and many never-say-die ski bums from the U.S. turn Portillo each July and August into a swinging off-season ski lark. At 9,450 feet Portillo can ordinarily be counted on to produce a heady combination of powder snow in just the right supply, sunny shirt-sleeve ski days and nights when the parties never seem to stop in the Hotel Portillo's bars and nightclub.

In 1961 two wealthy New Yorkers, Richard Aldrich and Robert Purcell, took over the hotel, brightened its dark

interiors, doubled its lift capacity and, with the aid of the persuasive Reinaldo Solari of the Chilean Ski Federation, managed to capture the 1966 F.I.S. (Fédération Internationale de Ski) races, next to the Olympics the most important ski event in the world. Just where and how they were going to board all the people it takes to stage an F.I.S. race has never been quite clear.

Last week, the question became almost academic. A brutal Pacific storm hacked out millions of dollars in damages in the lowlands and touched off an avalanche in the Andes that killed five ski patrolmen, including two Americans, and swamped the narrow-gauge railroad, isolating Portillo from the rest of the world.

It was trouble with an added touch of nature's irony. The ski teams of 10 countries were assembled in Chile for a sort of unofficial preview of next year's F.I.S. competition. By the end of the week there was talk of taking the international event away from Portillo. On Saturday, with two of the ski teams snowbound at Portillo and eight teams still stuck in Santiago, F.I.S. officials canceled the preview events. With that cancellation went the first annual Portillo ski carnival, which was to have provided the festive touch.

The storm—worst of Chile's winter season—moved in on Monday, August 9, with driving rain and snow. By Tuesday, Ferrocarriles del Estado, the government-backed rail line through the mountains, was shut down. "A danger of avalanches," the railmen explained. And on Wednesday—at 6 a.m. the slides came.

Tons of snow and rocks broke loose from the mountains that rise up precipitously to heights of 20,000 feet around

THE GIANT SLIDE erased the isolated mountain hotel but killed five ski patrolmen in a nearby lodge and smashed one of the area's two new chair lifts, both for the F.I.S. competition.

Over a year ago, Bell & Howell received a mysterious black box from Eastman Kodak.





(1) This Super 8 film cartridge

(2) drops into this Bell & Howell camera

(3) for push button movies.

The box was full of Kodak Super 8 film.

A remarkable new kind of 8mm home movie film—neatly coiled in the little black cartridge you see here (1) and ready to slip into a movie camera.

So far over a year now we've been perfecting a Super 8 camera to slip it into. It's ready.

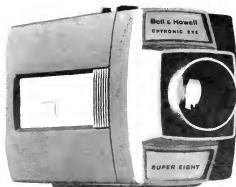
If you've always thought you needed an MIT degree just to be able to load a movie camera, take a look at the all-electric Bell & Howell Super 8.

It's a snap. You'll notice that the whole loading apparatus consists of nothing more than a little door (2).

Open it. Drop in the film cartridge.

Close it. And click—you've not only loaded the camera, you've set the film speed and chosen the filter so you can use the same film indoors and out.

No dials. No switches. Everything is done for you by precise sensing devices inside the camera.



Now take movies. Go on. Push the button (3).

Want to zoom in?

Push that button on top of the camera (4).

Ready to zoom back?

There's only one button left (5) Push it. Congratulations! You're an expert.

The interesting thing is, your movies will be brighter, even bigger than ever before. That's because of the new film. But they'll also be sharper, clearer. And that's because of some ingenious Bell & Howell safeguards.

Like a satin-smooth zoom that operates on its own power. And a lens system (6) about as sophisticated as the one we designed for the U.S. moonshot. And, to make your movies sharper, a new kind of electric eye (7). It's got a strange little mirror-shutter right where the light hits the film, so you can take movies even in glaring sunlight.

Sure improvements like that make things difficult for us. After all, producing precision instruments is bound to be a tougher job than just turning out cameras. But we learned one thing a long time ago. The harder we make things for ourselves... the easier it is for you.

Now, ready... smile!

But we learned one thing a long time ago. The harder we make things for ourselves... the easier it is for you.

Now, ready... smile!

Bell & Howell

builds photographic instruments a little better than they really have to be.

Portillo. The avalanche piled into a depression near the hotel and wiped out Portillo's "old stone house," the first building erected at the area in the 1920s. Twelve ski patrolmen were sleeping there. Forty-five minutes later a dazed, half-frozen patrolman—Deck Hawkins of Montreal—banged on the hotel door for help. He had awakened tumbling in the snow in his undershorts. "It was like being underwater," he said. "When I stopped rolling I had to push the snow away from my face with my hands to find air. I dug out of the snow and couldn't see anybody. I thought everybody was dead." Five fellow ski patrolmen were dead: Milton Orloff of Portland, Ore.; Ronald Hock of Binghamton, N.Y.; Michael Fogel of Quebec and Manfred Arnold and Jaime Cubazurre of Santiago.

The main lodge was untouched. But gone was one of the new ski lifts that Portillo had installed especially for the 1966 competition, its two bottom towers a tangle of cables and steel. It will be replaced in the summer, lodge spokesmen said, if summer ever comes to Portillo again.

Farther down the hill smaller avalanches, some of them 30 feet deep, blocked the rail line in more than 20 places. Telephone lines were down and the only contact with Santiago was

through a small radio station that bounces scratchy signals through the high mountain passes.

Eighty-five miles down the mountain in Santiago the storm had changed into a clammy, steady rain. The town began to fill with ski racers and tourists bound, hopefully, for Portillo. Isolated on the mountain were an estimated 160 lodge guests, assistant U.S. Ski Coach Gordon Eaton and seven young members of the U.S. Alpine ski team. The storm held on, piling up to as much as five feet of fresh snow each day.

"We are all starting to show signs of cabin fever," Eaton radioed on Saturday. "It is snowing so hard we can't see. There is too much snow to ski. The Austrians tried to stamp out a place in the snow to play soccer, but fresh snow kept covering it up and they had to give up. The kids have started jumping out of second-story windows into the snowbanks below for laughs. And we have started playing soccer in the lodge lobby—we kicked out a couple of windows."

Stranded in Santiago were U.S. Alpine Coach Bob Beattie, who arrived in Chile after the slides, and skiers from Germany, Canada, Spain, Belgium, Switzerland, France, Argentina and Chile—plus a brace of F.I.S. officials. Panagra Airlines' "Portillo Ski Carnival" promotion

was still bringing in plane-loads of fresh tourists from North America. The first load of colleagues had arrived on Thursday, August 12.

They had paid \$432.80 air fare, and the program promised a wild, twisting, Watusing time. At Santiago's genteel old Crillon Hotel skiers and F.I.S. officials milled around in varying moods of despair. The Germans, disciplined by day, wild by night, found a downtown gymnasium and began working out tensions with volleyball. The French took to marching up and down the street in ragged pairs to keep their legs in shape. And Beattie—as nervous as any coach separated from his team—took to running in the park in Levi's, sweat socks and sneakers, paced by howling bands of little Chileans.

If Chile was having this much trouble with a preworld championship meet in dress rehearsal, what of prospects for the real thing next year? Big man in town, Stanislaw Ziobrynski, chief F.I.S. technical delegate, insisted that the 1966 show would go on—with certain reservations. "The Chilean government must fix that railroad so that this does not happen again," he said. "We realize that this is a natural catastrophe, a disaster. We will take that into consideration. We have had such catastrophes in Europe. But if the railroad is fixed," he said, "the F.I.S. likely will go on as scheduled."

But while delegate Ziobrynski's word was good in Santiago, there were rumbles from other European delegates, aware of the country's recent earthquakes as well as the avalanche, that they were not in a mood to gamble on Chile's apparent predilection for natural disaster. Clearly, when the current bad days in Chile are over, there will be world arguments about the coming race. "I have been to Portillo. Never more again. I would pay not to come," growled France's Serge Lang, president of the International Ski Writers Association.

Bob Beattie, on the other hand, lined up North and South America. "There are a few countries in Europe who think they own the sport. Maybe the Chileans are not the best organized country in the ski world. But the simple fact is they are going to stage the world ski championships here next year. They have just had a national disaster, and here are some people carping about not be-



AT HIGH ANDEAN PARTY after Richard Aldrich (third from right) and Robert Purcell took over the ski resort, a Brazilian clarinetist led a samba line through the Bolso, the hotel's nightclub.

ing able to get to Portillo, I'm not sure any nation could do better under the circumstances."

By Sunday, Portillo was full of skiers who wanted to get down—Santiago was full of skiers who wanted to get up. The preworld championships were in a state of limbo. If the storm lifts next week, a play-it-by-ear, shortened version of the races might be held. If the storm continues most nations will send their skiers home, and the coaches will stay on to inspect Portillo when they can get to it.

Santiago, despite disaster all around, was digging out of its gloom. The mood was not one of a holiday, but more like a city about to be enveloped by war. Nightclubs were crowded and freespending tourists—their skis back at their hotels—were out on the town. "We want to point out that it is safe to drink water from the tap," a sign says in each bathroom at the earthquake-damaged Hotel Carrera, but there was no indication anyone was taking that chance when other potables were available.

And Bob Beattie, who does not speak Spanish, was giving demonstrations in making himself understood in a foreign country. After a big meal of steak in a Santiago restaurant, one of the party ordered apple pie—and got a peeled apple on a plate. Beattie leaned back and signaled a waiter. "Peach melba," he whispered, smiling. The waiter consulted some companions and came back with the dessert. It was, of all things, peach melba.

Whether or not there are races in Portillo this week or even next year it was Reinaldo Solari who had, for the moment, the last say in Saturday's fiery F.I.S. meeting.

"We have been criticized," he said, "for having only one helicopter in the whole country of Chile. This is not so. All of our helicopters are busy saving lives, not lifting skiers to Portillo. The Europeans are saying that we do not know how to run a ski race and that we do not know what we are doing here. We have starving copper miners marooned in the north of the country. We must get food to them. Damages are high in the coastal areas. Children are out of school and hungry in some areas. We regard human lives as more important at this moment than skiing. Skiing can wait for a while."

END



Why do so many college men wear this world-famous court shoe?

(Because the Jack Purcell is as comfortable as your skin.)

This shoe was built for strenuous court play by the real pros. So it had to be utterly comfortable. The exclusive P-F Posture Foundation RIGID WEDGE in the heel was developed to reduce foot and leg muscle strain. The Hygeen[®] cushion insole not only cushions your foot but will not absorb perspiration. And there is not a

single stitch in the heel cup to give you blisters. It walks softly but is never bouncy. It is cool on your foot. Is it any wonder the classic lines and unique construction of the Jack Purcell have been so widely imitated? Imitated, but never equalled. At better sporting goods stores, or write: The B.F. Goodrich Company, Watertown, Mass.

B.F. Goodrich



American doesn't care what your baggage weighs.

As part of a continuing fixation we've had about your baggage, we've asked the C.A.B. if we could get rid of the excess weight charge. And they said we could.

(To us, this is nothing but an excess passenger charge and it's time something was done about it. And most major airlines are going along with us.)

The 40-lb. limit began in 1938 when

a DC-3 was one of the biggest planes you could get. So there's no limit to what you can take on an Astrojet.

(Well, there is a limit, but it's mainly a matter of space, not weight. You can take one big bag, one medium bag, and carry-on bags. As for weight, you can fill them with lead if you wish.)

At the moment we can't think of another thing to do in the baggage

line. In practically every major airport, we now take your bags right at the curb. And after you land, your bags reach the baggage area 7 minutes after you do.

You may wonder if there is still a charge for extra or oversize bags and there is, although it's just a token.

It's the only way we could think of to keep out of the moving business.

American Airlines

peat as the league's leading hitter, and his eyes drifted to the batting cage, where Boston's Carl Yastrzemski, currently leading the league, was taking batting practice. "Was pennant first. Then we see if Tony can beat ABCXYZ."

Third Base Coach Billy Martin, who has helped to fashion the new running game for the Twins, stood near a plaque in Metropolitan Stadium recently reading the names of players who had been named "the most valuable" Twin in the past five years. "Who would you name this year?" Billy was asked. "Nobody!" Billy answered, meaning "Everybody!" The New York Yankees would be inclined to disagree with their old teammate and pick Shortstop Zoilo Versalles,

**TWINS' BATTING WITH RUNNERS
ON SECOND AND/OR THIRD BASE**

	1964	1965
ALLISON	.243	.440
BATTEY	.328	.377
HALL	.217	.308
KILLERBREW	.235	.373
MINCHIE	.184	.275
OLIVA	.364	.351
ROLLINS	.266	.194
VERSALLES	.297	.271

who has played spectacular ball against them in the field, at bat and especially on the base paths. "Zee" is hitting under .250 for the season and is the Twins' leadoff man, but he has batted in only one run less than the top man on the Yankees and his base running has stunned them. He has stretched Texas-league singles into doubles and scored from first on one-base hits. Versalles is the prime reason why the Twins lead the Yankees in season's play 10 games to 4. The last time any team owned by the Griffith family beat the Yankees over a full season of head-to-head play was in 1933, when the Washington Senators won the pennant.

Hanging from the ceiling of the slanted runway that leads from the Twins' clubhouse to their dugout in Metropolitan Stadium are three signs. The first says THINK, the second HUSTLE, the third WIN. There is a hole in HUSTLE—put there by a bat swung in frustration last year—but no sign has been hit in 1965. The signs are getting the best year of their lives.

ENO



THE CONTINENTAL LOOK! No belt. No pleats. No cuffs. Nothing to detract from the slim, smart lines of LEVI'S Mark 1 Continentals. Tailored in handsome, rugged, wrinkle-free 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% combed cotton. And guaranteed to never need ironing—because they're LEVI'S Sta-Prest—the original permanent-press slacks!

LEVI'S® STA-PREST®
with DACRON® *Dacron® is a registered trademark.

© The word marks (LEVI'S and STA-PREST) are registered in the U.S. Patent Office and derive primarily from Levi Strauss & Co., 30 Battery Street, San Francisco 94104.



THE OLD MEN OF THE SEA

BY COLES PHINIZY

San Diego's Glenn Orr and some briny pals pioneered sport diving in America, opening the sea to today's flippered hordes. Aging but toughly agile, they can still outplunge nearly everyone else

Forty feet down in the Pacific Ocean off Point Loma, Calif there is a submarine ledge called Hope Rock. A few lobsters live there, a few kelp bass and a number of lesser fish. Large fish occasionally stop there to grab a bite, and harbor seals scout the place now and again but, all in all, Hope Rock is a run-of-the-mill ledge, worth notice only because it was the birthplace of sport diving in the U.S. It was there at Hope Rock, 34 years ago, that a San Diego man named Glenn L. Orr made his first chaotic descent into the sea and, after nearly dying, concluded that diving could be fun.

Obviously Orr was correct, for in recent years sport diving has spread to all the waters of the land. In Greater San Diego, where Glenn Orr began, there are now more than 8,000 divers, and in this vast, flippered throng one of the most competent is still 58-year-old Glenn Orr. A lot of water has passed through Orr's sinuses in the past 34 years, but he has not tired of the sea.

Shortly after Orr started diving, he

won over a few close friends to the sport and organized a club called the Bottom Scratchers. Orr and the other Bottom Scratchers were, at the start, dismissed lightly as a pack of demented lemmings, who often flirted with death in the gloom half a mile or more at sea. As they developed skill, the Bottom Scratchers began bringing in better fish than top-side anglers could take in a week. From the deep they brought back their limit of abalone, often eating them on the shore, where ordinary people scrounged around for an abalone or two between the tide lines.

In time the ridicule turned to envy and respect. Whenever a pair of spectacles or set of false teeth, an automobile, a boat or the body of a child was lost in the sea, a Bottom Scratcher—usually Orr—was asked to find it. Orr is today well known around San Diego as a hunter and retriever (his present score is 207 boats, 15 bodies, 12 automobiles), but so many of his exploits date from so long ago that some of the young divers believe he is dead. Every now and again

divers are surprised to find that the small man putting on flippers near them is Glenn Orr. It is as if Abner Doubleday suddenly showed up at spring training.

Although Orr can honestly be called the father of sport diving in the U.S., he neither wants nor expects a standing ovation on that count. He has always maintained it was a case of unplanned parenthood, and a slightly illicit one, at that. On the day that Orr made his first descent onto Hope Rock and discovered a new world for sport, he had not intended even going into the water. In the late '20s he earned his living as a rum-runner and as a distiller of a quality corn whiskey that was guaranteed to drown all sorrows but leave stomach linings intact. To throw the feds off the track, he also worked for token pay as tender for a professional diver and steady drinker named Jack Sullivan, who occasionally tore himself away from the bottle to dive for a valuable marine alga called agar weed.

On the day that Orr first dived Sullivan had planned to harvest agar weed

continued

Gazing out at their marine domain off the California coast are three of the original Bottom Scratchers: Glenn Orr, Wall's Posts (top) and Jack Prodansovich.

at Hope Rock, but he started nipping at a bottle. By the time Orr got him into his full diving suit and helmet, Sullivan had passed out. When he came to, Orr easily persuaded him that he was not fit to dive. Then, with Sullivan's fumbling help, Orr got into the suit, on the optimistic theory that the sun had cooked enough alcohol out of Sullivan to allow him at least to serve as tender on deck. Orr's theory was wrong: Sullivan passed out again just as he started lowering Orr slowly to the bottom. Since Orr was properly weighted with 25-pound shoes and a 90-pound belt, he dropped like an anchor. By the time he struck the top of Hope Rock, 40 feet down, he was already valving air into his suit to keep

from being crushed by pressure. He valved in entirely too much and soared upward. He quickly depressed the escape button to bleed off the burgeoning air supply, but being an utter novice at it, he let out too much. He again plummeted, this time bouncing off Hope Rock and settling 20 feet deeper in a spiny nest of sea urchins. Once again he valved in too much air and soared all the way to the surface, where he floated helplessly, his suit so full of air that he could not move an arm or leg. Sullivan, meanwhile, had revived. He hauled Orr's bloated form alongside and coolly inserted a finger in the cuff of the suit to vent off air. He let out too much, and Orr hit Hope Rock for the third time.

Orr is not a man who makes rash judgments, but at that point he began to lose confidence in Sullivan. He tugged on his lifeline, indicating that he wished to be raised, but Sullivan had passed out again. After pulling 150 feet of slack line down onto Hope Rock, Orr managed to climb back to the deck and get the boat to port, where the Coast Guard arrested Sullivan for operating while drunk.

The dangerous way that Orr bounced up and down on Hope Rock should have killed his interest in diving. In fact, it should have killed Orr. Somehow it did neither. The fish, the abundance of abalone, the lush patches of agar weed stirring in the frittered shafts of sunlight, everything that Orr saw while bouncing, convinced him that he had found a new kingdom of plenty, a new land of liberty. "I am pushing 60," Orr says, remembering the past 34 years, "but somehow I never got rid of the boy in me. Underwater there always seems to be another side of another mountain, a new place."

Shortly after his traumatic discovery of the new world, Orr also found—again by accident—a simple and cheap way to enjoy it. In a small fishing store in Los Angeles he came across a pair of goggles, and for the better part of a year Orr and three close friends—the charter members of the Bottom Scratchers—shared the goggles, taking turns diving for abalone. The store-bought goggles were barely adequate. For one thing, because the panes of glass did not lie in the same plane, Orr and his buddies always saw double—two abalones where there was really one. (Orr had mistakenly bought goggles designed, not for diving, but for protecting the eyes of long-distance swimmers.)

One of the original Bottom Scratchers was a habitual tinkerer named Jack Prodanovich, a deft and muscular little man who today, at 53, still looks as if he could tear a safe apart with his hands. Prodanovich made goggles for the club by inserting round glass from cheap compacts into sections of radiator hose that he cut to fit snugly in the eye sockets. By trial and error, with little outside inspiration, in their first 10 years the Bottom Scratch-

continued



Raising the help (Orr) in the Coronado Islands, Wally Potts wears a rebreather and California whose sea bass with one of the deluxe spear guns he has designed and produced.

Satisfy your smoking taste
with **MADISON** Little Cigars
...even without inhaling!



MADISON
LITTLE CIGARS

- Satisfying cigar taste
- Slim, trim cigarette size
- Genuine cork tip, crush-proof box.



If they run out of Löwenbräu.....order champagne.

IMPORTED IN BOTTLES AND BARRELS FROM MUNICH, WHERE LÖWENBRÄU HAS BEEN BREWED SINCE 1383, BY HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC. OF NEW YORK. THE HAND-BLOWN LÖWENBRÄU CRYSTAL GOBLET PICTURED HERE IS AVAILABLE IN SETS OF 2 IMPORTED FROM GERMANY. FOR EACH SET MAIL \$2.00 IN MONEY ORDER OR CHECK MADE PAYABLE TO CLASSIC IMPORTS, P.O. BOX 37, WESTBURY, L.I., NEW YORK. PLEASE ALLOW 4 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

ers had developed most of the equipment that free-diving hunters and snorkelers use today. Prodanovich, who has always been the prime tinkerer of the group, had even provided himself with prescription lenses to correct his natural nearsightedness underwater and had built a waterproof box camera. Flippers were the only important item that the Bottom Scratchers did not make for themselves before they were available in stores. In the '30s they became so adept at propelling themselves down 30, 40 and 50 feet with their arms and their stumpy, God-given feet that the idea of flippers simply eluded them.

It was a good 15 years after the Bottom Scratchers started that the sport began to spread around the country. And it was another 10 years before masks, flippers and spear guns became standard items in the pile of sporting goods that are crammed into the average American closet. If diving is such a dandy sport, why was it so long in catching on? There are a number of reasons. For one, the sport was born in the right town but at the wrong time. San Diego today is crowded with fun-loving waterbugs, but at the start of the '30s the chief users of its waters were commercial fishermen, the U.S. Navy and, to a lesser extent, the Army Air Corps, whose pilots had no particular love of the sea although they frequently fell into it. In those days there were always sailors loose and restless around town, but few of them cared to chase fish while in port.

There is no doubt that a talented, public-spirited hawker of wholesome recreation could have pushed the sport of diving along faster, even in the busted Depression years. The Bottom Scratchers were not that sort. When anyone wanted to know why, or how, they dived and speared fish, the Scratchers willingly passed on all they had learned, but they were not out to promote their club or the sport. Since its official start with four members in 1933 the club has taken in only 14 new members. (The admission rate is about one member every four years, but in 1943 the club lost its head, letting in three new members in one swoop.) Before being admitted, each member must prove his worth in a num-

continued



Quaker State your car—to keep it running young.



Insist on the best—the lively, youthful best for your car—with Quaker State Motor Oil. It's made only from 100% pure Pennsylvania—the world's choicest and most costly crude oil. It keeps your car on the road, out of the repair shop, saves you money. Always ask for Quaker State by name—it's your best engine life preserver.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA



Imagine: FM-AM radios by RCA Victor from \$27.95*

Smart. Compact. They're the latest thing in pleasant listening from RCA Victor. Yet prices start at only \$27.95*.

At top left, the *Asteroid* with 9 transistors—our lowest priced FM-AM radio. Top right, the *Nova*, a full-size portable. The *Lunar*, bottom right, has Automatic Frequency Control, earphone. At bot-

tom left, the *Saturn*, our finest FM-AM portable with earphone, batteries.

Make it a memorable present. Make it "The Gift That Keeps On Giving" —from RCA Victor.



The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

Model

Buying Life Insurance?

Look for first year payment of dividends

Unlike many other companies, Mutual Benefit pays a first year dividend on any policy that continues for at least three months into the second year. These dividends reduce your insurance costs.

This is one of the reasons why we feel that, dollar for dollar, you cannot match the combination of benefits, safeguards and guarantees—plus performance and service—that Mutual Benefit gives you. High quality insurance at low net cost.

For the complete story, write today for our new free brochure, "A Special Kind of Life Insurance." Better yet, call your Mutual Benefit agent.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY • NEWARK, NEW JERSEY • SINCE 1895

NICEST THING TO
EVER COME BETWEEN
TWO HOMES...



United Van Lines "PRE-PLANNED" MOVING SERVICE

Moving day just isn't the same since United came along. We've cut the detail work down to comfortable size... removed concern about downsides with exclusive limitedSM vans... even provided a source for friendly advice on

personal moving problems. (Ask for Betty Malone's Consultant Service). No, moving day just isn't the same with United... and aren't you glad? For a free estimate we're easy to find in the Yellow Pages.

*Not in N.J., Pa., or N.Y.

MOVING WITH CARE... EVERYWHERE.

THE OLD MEN Continued

ber of ways, notably by bringing up three abalone from a depth of 30 feet on a single dive without flippers, and by catching a horned shark bare-handed (a feat more difficult than dangerous). Since abalone are scarce these days and horned sharks are always reluctant to be caught, the size of the club is not apt to get out of hand. Like the whooping cranes at Great Slave Lake, the Bottom Scratchers of San Diego will probably remain a small, well-knit group, with a membership nicely stabilized just this side of extinction. Quite beyond the specific tests that prove his worth, each prospective Scratcher is scrutinized for a year, and often for three years or more, to be sure he is the creditable sort who is likely to stay interested in the sport for a lifetime. Such selectivity, of course, did not help the sport grow in the early years, but it kept it decent, which is why the charter members banded together in the first place.

The livelihood of a number of the Scratchers depends in part or wholly on the sea. Glenn Orr, the original Scratcher, works as a heavy-equipment operator for the San Diego Port Authority and doubles as a diver when the piers, pilings and submarine plumbing of the port need a once-over. As a sideline, Jack Prodanovich, a high school custodian, and Wally Potts, a project foreman at Solar Aircraft, manufacture quality spear guns that are to underwater hunters what the Purdy gun is to the upland-game crowd. Since admission to the club in 1943, Lamar Boren has earned the better part of his living photographing famous undersea creatures for Hollywood and TV—Jane Russell, Lloyd Bridges, the Aquanauts, the sharks of Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* and Flipper, the dolphin, being the ones most people will remember. Among the younger Scratchers—the kids who have been in the club less than 20 years—two are fairly well known in their fields: Dr. Carl Hubbs, the eminent ichthyologist of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, and Diving Chief Jim Stewart of Scripps, who is a full voting member though still a mere child of 38 years.

Although they often use surface-supplied air or scuba tanks when diving for

Continued

THERE ARE ONLY TWO WELL-KNOWN
COLOR FILMS IN AMERICA.
WE MAKE ONE OF THEM.
IF YOU'RE NOT COMPLETELY
SATISFIED WITH ALL THE
PICTURES YOU'RE NOW GETTING,
SWITCH.





"Orlon" — worsted wool

Snug Duds separate the young men from the boys

For the young man who doesn't want to look like a kid, Haggar Snug Duds dress slacks are designed for you. Lean-legged, slim fitting. The new "Mustang" model has its own plaid belt and "Mustang" belt buckle. Great on or off campus. Tailored in rugged hopsacking weaves with "Orlon" acrylic to keep the wrinkles out, the crease in. Get smart! Wear Haggar Snug Duds! 10 95. *Haggar's Reg. T.M. © Du Pont's Reg. T.M.

WIN A FORD MUSTANG or 50 other big prizes in Haggar's 1965 Sweepstakes. See your Haggar dealer! Slacks Shown 100% ORLON — 30% worsted wool.



THE OLD MEN

business, for sport the Scratchers use only lung power. In the past 34 years 58-year-old Orr, the original Scratcher, has spent about 800 hours underwater simply holding his breath. In physiological tests recently conducted by the Scripps Institution, Orr's lungs and heart proved to be working better than those of professional athletes and pearl divers of the Torres Strait, although Orr maintains he is not half so fit as he used to be. Perhaps the Scripps' data bears this out. When Scripps scientists tested him Orr was able to do light work underwater for only three minutes and 42 seconds on a single breath, and it was fully 10 seconds before the ticking of his ancient heart started returning to normal. Obviously the man is wasting away, ravaged by time.

The sport of diving might have spread faster if some of the first reports on the Bottom Scratchers had not been so misleading. From the outset the Scratchers simply enjoyed diving and hunting in the beautiful realm of drowned outcroppings and vertical jungles of kelp that make up the Pacific's steep shelf. But the press in the early days too often portrayed them as thrill-seekers. There was, for example, the specific case of the sea lion versus Glenn Orr. As it really happened, a sea lion ran slam-bang into Orr and, playfully or in anger, sank six teeth in his back. A doctor snipped off bits of ligament that protruded from the teeth wounds and advised Orr to stay out of the water for a few days (which he did not do, since he had not yet taken his limit of abalone). Before it had run its course in public print, the sea lion encounter had become a death struggle of the sort whales sometimes have with giant squid. In the lurid accounts that appeared in syndicated columns and short feature stories at the time it bit Orr, the sea lion was defending its young and charged Orr in rage, tearing a large chunk of muscle out of his back. Then, in a welter of bubbles and blood, as the sea lion came in for a second mouthful, Orr stabbed it to death. Though gripping, such blown-up accounts did not persuade many ordinary Americans to try the sport.

As the doings of the Bottom Scratchers continued

Only the perfect Martini Gin gives fruit juice a real flair.
Seagram's...perfectly smooth,
perfectly dry,
perfect.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN CORN.



A whole new dimension of enjoyment and excitement is yours for the asking, when you fly your own 4-place Beechcraft Musketeer II. Never before has a private airplane opened so many doors to so many opportunities—at such a low cost!

It's so easy to fly that you'll probably solo in 8 or 10 hours, as most people do. Then in about 30 more hours of enjoyable sport flying you can join the ranks of some 370,000 other sports-minded people who have earned their coveted private pilot's license.

Distant fascinating places beyond the range of week-end driving are suddenly just around the corner. Major sports events . . . golf courses you've wanted to play . . . snowy ski runs and warm sand beaches . . . fabulous fishing spots . . . are within reach the year-round. You can travel hundreds of miles and play 18 holes of golf—the same day—with a Beechcraft Musketeer II!

You can turn pleasure into profit, too, as thousands of others do, by using your Beechcraft for business trips. The Musketeer II is perfectly suited for this dual role—combining the speed and payload capacity of a business airplane with the flying ease and low cost of a personal sports plane.

Over 100,000 other airplane owners are flying more hours, traveling more miles with more passengers to more places, than all the airlines put together—every day! To get complete facts, details, prices, and the name of your nearest Beechcraft dealer, write us today!



Pilots aren't supermen—just "everyday" people. Businessmen, housewives, youngsters—18 to 80. No special talents needed. Even eyeglasses are no problem.



The Musketeer instruments are as simple and easy to use as those on your car and your TV set. They help make flying and navigation easier—help you arrive relaxed even after long trips.

FREE Mail postcard or letter to Beech Aircraft Corp., Marketing Services, 9759 E. Central, Wichita, Kansas 67201, U.S.A. Ask for FREE illustrated folder on the sensational Beechcraft Musketeer II.

The World Is Small
When You Fly A
Beechcraft

ers spread, accurately and otherwise, the club members began getting mail from around the world, much of it, to their surprise, from foreigners who were already enjoying the same sport in the Mediterranean, the Caribbean, the South Atlantic and the western reaches of the Pacific. In pioneering the sport in this country Orr and the early Scratchers had been groping along a trail that others had traveled earlier. Long before the Scratchers went below, a French Navy commander, Yves le Prieur, had been diving professionally and often for the fun of it. At least two years before Glenn Orr fell into the new world, Guy Gulpatric, an expatriate American author, was diving on the Côte d'Azur (in 1938 Gulpatric published a book on underwater hunting, wisely explaining at the outset that goggle-fishing did not mean to fish *for* goggles, but rather *with* goggles). Crude goggles were in use centuries ago and have been used often here and there throughout the warm waters of the world. Indeed, the whole art of diving is such a haphazard product of so much coincidental invention of so many different people and so many distant waters that some of the threads of its history are still as badly tangled as a plate of linguine.

While reasonably proud of having played a small part in the tangle, the Bottom Scratchers are today more concerned with the present and the future. The human population now crowds their part of the kind, fouling the waters with waste. There is no longer the abundance of abalone, lobster and fish; the filth of the earth clouds the water; the red tide plagues it increasingly and there is little chance that the damage can ever be undone.

"I see a diver now looking for abalone in the cove at La Jolla," Bottom Scratcher Lamar Bjorn observed recently. "He is wearing a depth gauge, a compass, a mask, flippers and snorkel, plus tank, pressure gauge, weight belt, knife, abalone iron and safety vest—a floating hock shop. All dressed up for very slim pickings. When I see him I cannot help thinking that the really sad part of it is he's come along about 20 years too late."

END

"IT'S A FACT" . . . says Al Kaline

ALL-STAR OUTFIELDER
for the Detroit Tigers



"life in a La-Z-Boy Reclina-Rocker is big league luxury living."



"La-Z-Boy gives me deep-seated, built-in relaxation . . . does wonders for me after a tough day on the field. For rocking, TV viewing, or comfortable napping, make it a La-Z-Boy."

LA-Z-BOY

Chairs with a flair for people who care

Take a tip from active Americans, like Al Kaline, who maintain muscle tone while relaxing. Enjoy the selective built-in features: comfort of the Reclina-Rocker . . . relax to any reclining angle your need dictates.

See it at your La-Z-Boy dealer today.



©1965 La-Z-Boy Chair Co.

LA-Z-BOY CHAIR COMPANY, Dept. SL, Monroe, Mich.
Please send me FREE color literature.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZONE _____

ARMSTRONG

THE SAFE TIRE



Grips the road to save your life as no other tire can!



This "Ounce of Prevention" can save your life.

Only Armstrong Tires have patented Safety Discs between the tread ribs. No matter how hard you brake, these discs keep the tread open — always ready to grip the road to help pre-

vent deadly skids. You can't buy a better tire, to save your life. And it costs no more! So get Armstrong. The Safe Tire. See your Armstrong dealer, listed in the Yellow Pages.

The Armstrong Rubber Company, West Haven, Conn. • Des Moines, Iowa • Natchez, Miss. • Hanford, Calif.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

"I think our pennant chances are tremendous, because we don't rely on any one player," said MILWAUKEE (5-1) Captain Eddie Mathews after the Braves climbed over the Giants into second place. During the week Mathews, Gene Oliver and Hank Aaron all won games with home runs, while Tony Cloninger, Ken Johnson and Denny Lemaster all pitched complete game victories. Cloninger, who won twice, was 7-1 since the All-Star break and 17-8 for the year. Making his third start since missing a month with a bad shoulder, Lemaster struck out 13 Cubs, prompting Manager Bobby Bragan to say: "Denny's the key to our stretch drive. He gives us a fourth starter—and that could give us the pennant." But the player who sparked the Braves last week, as he has all season, was Third Baseman Mathews, now in his 14th season with the team. Despite the second lowest batting average (.253) of any Milwaukee regular, Mathews led for the club lead in home runs (26), led in RBIs (76) and walks (58). Coming off a 1964 season that was his worst in the majors, Mathews set no goals this spring. "Every time I do set goals I don't reach them," he said. "But right now I'm real confident, and a fast-ball batter with the confidence knows he's going to hit the ball." Jim Bunning won twice and Richie Allen and Dick Stuart each had game-winning hits as PHILADELPHIA (5-2) took five straight. LOS ANGELES (4-1) extended its first-place lead to one and a half games with four straight complete-game victories, two by Sandy Koufax and one each by Don Drys-

dale and Claude Steele. Koufax, now 21 and 4, and Drysdale, who won for the first time in 23 days, both pitched 1-0 shutouts. They had to, for the team scored only 11 runs all week and had not hit a home run in eight games. Barney Schultz, the bullpen hero of ST. LOUIS (3-3) penton rush last year, was sent back to the minors. Another 1964 star, Outfielder Mike Shannon, who was benched for weak hitting, had to catch when both Tim McCarver and Bob Uecker were hurt. Shannon suddenly started to hit and also did a good job behind the plate. Outfielder Len Gabrielson (9 for 23) took up the slack for SAN FRANCISCO (3-3) as Willie Mays (4 for 20) and Willie McCovey (5 for 19) went into slumps. Starter Vern Law won a game, and Reliever Al Melton saved another for PITTSBURGH (2-4), but Roberto Clemente lost one when he dropped a line drive. Larry Jackson's complete-game victory over the Reds was the first for a CHICAGO (1-4) pitcher in 8 starts. CINCINNATI's (2-3) power hitters fizzled (only 6 homers) and the bullpen was bombed (14 hits given up in 11½ innings). Robin Roberts returned to the National League after a 3½-year absence and pitched a four-hit shutout for MONROE (2-5) against his old team, the Phillies. NEW YORK (2-3) ended an 11-game losing streak when Gaken Cinco and Darrell Sutherland combined to shut out the Astros 1-0, then made it two in a row when Al Jackson shut them out again the next day.

Standings: LA 40-43, Mil 40-45, SF 64-45, Cin 64-52, Phil 62-54, Pitt 45-55, StL 51-50, Cle 56-65, New 48-65, NY 38-61

LAND (4-4), which took three of four from them last week. "The way we're playing, things get a little darker every day," said BALTIMORE (2-5) Manager Hank Bauer after the Orioles completed an 11-game stretch against the league's three worst teams and won only three games. Juan Pizarro, a 19-game winner for CHICAGO (4-2) last year, finally gained his second victory this season when he beat WASHINGTON (4-2) on one hit. Pete Richert, who won twice, and Phil Ortega had combined for 23 of the Senators' first 52 victories. NEW YORK (4-3) reached the .500 level for the first time since May 1, then lost its next game to 19-year-old Catfish Hunter of KANSAS CITY (1-7). The Athletics' slump was led by Ken Harrelson (2 for 28), Mike Hershberger (4 for 31) and Dick Green (2 for 17). Said A's Coach Luke Appling: "Harrelson and Green got a taste of home runs on our last trip and have been taking wild swings ever since." Dean Chance two-hit the Indians for his eighth victory and rookie Marcelino Lopez won twice for LOS ANGELES (4-4) to boost his record to 13-9. BOSTON (3-4) had a night to remember when Manager Billy Herman left a half-filled lineup-up on his desk and rushed to a hospital to have his appendix removed. Coach Len Okrie suffered a broken jaw when he was hit by a line drive in batting practice and the Red Sox scored 12 runs in one inning. On other days Pritchard Dave Mordchev, Bill Monbouquette and Jim Lonborg all lost their 14th games.

Standings: Mon 75-43, Cle 66-50, Del 46-50, Balt 51-51, Cin 60-51, NY 60-49, LA 53-61, Wash 52-66, Bos 43-57, KC 39-55

POWER PITCHING*

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Shutouts	Wins	Difference
276	46	232
186	23	148
181	46	129
199	32	118
192	37	115
153	50	100
167	32	95
154	44	90
142	32	90
114	28	88

AMERICAN LEAGUE

McDermott, Cle (12-5)	227	87	140
Lofch, Del (11-6)	162	52	110
McLain, Del (10-5)	147	42	104
Sudret, Cin (13-8)	121	36	95
Todd, NY (12-9)	119	35	75
Agnew, Del (11-5)	105	29	64
Good, Mon (10-4)	96	35	61
Kosien, Cin (10-10)	88	27	60
Stoltzman, NY (14-6)	114	55	30
White, Bos (9-5)	104	55	30

*Through August 14

AMERICAN LEAGUE

DETROIT (7-1) prospered despite a week of injuries, but batters and a military loss. Al Kaline missed three games because of a recurring foot ailment, then was rushed back into action when Don Demeter (9 for 16, with seven RBIs in one game) was beamed by Dean Chance. Ten other Tiger batters also were hit by pitches, including five one night in Kansas City. "The Tigers aren't trying to get out of the way," complained Athletics Manager Haywood Sullivan. Denny McLain, his sore right arm swathed in bandages, could not throw his fast ball, so he relied on a curve to beat the Angels. And Mickey Lolich, training with the Air National Guard in upstate Michigan, flew down to Detroit one night and pitched six shutout innings before being knocked out. Harmon Killebrew's absence started to be felt by MINNESOTA (3-4) when Bob Allison, batting in Killebrew's No. 4 spot, went 0 for 17. Still, the Twins held a seasonal edge over every team except the Angels and Cleve-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK



EDDIE MATHWS

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WASTED ENERGY

Sirs:

After watching our performance in the U.S.-U.S.S.R. track meet, I would like to offer a few comments of my own. Our defeat was no disaster in itself. The usual post-Olympic letdown and our injuries contributed directly to our mediocre showing. But the ultimate cause, which could result in a real disaster for our track and field program in general, has to be the NCAA-AAU feud. Sure we know that everyone who was eligible did compete, and so on, but our young athletes are confused and upset and looking for leadership.

I was a fair hammer thrower at the Naval Academy and received many letters from track clubs, meet sponsors and AAU officials, all concerned with the power struggle. My coaches were often unable to give advice on when or where to compete because their loyalties were necessarily divided for the simple reason that they had competed under and worked with both the AAU and NCAA.

It is not really the matter of an athlete's being permitted to compete in any individual meet or the obvious squabbles that are causing the trouble. The problem lies in the fact that all the energies of the many capable individuals on both sides are devoted to the hassle. If this energy had been expended instead to provide promotion and publicity for meets, or guidance for our younger track stars, I can't help but feel that we would have developed a consistently strong track organization. We have to encourage and guide our young men and women with capable and unified leadership. We have to develop teamwork on the executive level. Our athletes are, I'm sure, ready to respond to such leadership.

We don't have to beat Russia every year, but let's face it, prestige is nice and, as you recently pointed out, our international prestige in amateur sports is suffering. It is time we started to correct the situation.

HENRY J. SAGE
1st Lieut., USMC

Lawton, Okla.

POSITIVE PLAY

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article on U.S. Davis Cupper Arthur Ashe and his contribution to the U.S. victory over Mexico in the American Zone final (*An Understudy Takes Charge*, Aug. 9). However, I do not agree with, *Winter Frank Deford* that Osuna's loss to Ashe was mainly due to Osuna's bad knee. Deford failed to mention that in the fourth round at Wimbledon just a few weeks before Osuna defeated Ashe in three straight sets. Osuna was suffering with the same knee

trouble then. This was a great win for Ashe. As for Spain, Santana will probably come closer to losing both singles than he will to winning them. It will be the U.S. 4-1.

KENT BRENNAN

Spokane

LATIN QUARTER

Sirs:

Re your article *The Latin Storm Is Grander Liger* (Aug. 9), we here in Springfield, Mass., where the Washington Senators sent so many of their Cambria-discovered Cubans, recall with pride and affection their contributions to our rather drab teams of the '39, '40, '41 era. Had he chosen to, Robert Boyle could have lived a number of excellent ballplayers who sojourned in Springfield and then moved up to *los grandes ligas*. There were Rene Montenegro, Tommy de la Cruz, Reggie Otero and Mike Guerra. There were Alex Carrasquel from Venezuela and men like Gil Torres, Roberto Ortiz and Agapito Mayor. The standouts in my memory were the slick pitchers Montenegro and De la Cruz, the smooth First Baseman Otero and the fiery Catcher Fernan (Mike) Guerra.

Though Washington was frequently last in many ways, it was always first in the Latin-American League.

G. ROBERT RICHARDSON

Springfield, Mass.

LIMEY NUTS

Sirs:

The article on American track nuts (*Some Fanatics Whose Fan Is Pleading Old Records*, Aug. 2) made fascinating reading for a limey nut like myself. But Author Gerald Holland was guilty of the sort of insularity that is supposed to be the preserve of the English. The world track-nut population is far from limited to the 10,000 readers of that excellent magazine *Track & Field News*.

The readers of *SI* may like to know that there are 137 members of the worldwide Association of Track and Field Statisticians who avidly collect data on the sport and publish it each year in book form.

Here in England the National Union of Track Statisticians (spells NUTS, naturally) numbers some 55 fanatical souls. Most of us are strictly nonathletes, though that doesn't prevent us from organizing our own track meet. Included in the NUTS ranks are a 45.7-second 400-meter man and another who has run 800 meters in 1:48.7, plus an Irish housewife who ran 440 yards in 54.9 seconds at the age of 34.

BOB PHILLIPS

Assistant Editor, *World Sports*
London

NATIVE ALLEGIANCE

Sirs:

We were quite sure that Kelso would get a nice column in your magazine for noosing out "mighty" Malicious and that all-time great Pia Star in the mediocre time of 1:49½ (*Faub and Farn at Sonoma*, Aug. 16). However, on the same day a horse called Native Diver (*His Native Never Left Home*, July 26) galloped to an easy victory at Del Mar. The race was at a mile and a sixteenth and the Diver carried 131 pounds. He rattled off fractions of 22½, 45, 1:09, 1:34 and a final time of 1:40.

Immediately after the race his owner, Lou K. Shapiro, issued a challenge for a match race between Kelso and Native Diver to determine America's greatest gelding. He is even willing to let Kelso's owner set the time and place. It would be the greatest thing in racing since Swaps vs. Nashua and the only way to convince us Westerners that Kelso is as good as you say.

BRUCE ECKHOFF
LANCE ELM
THOMAS LOCKHART
THEODORE HENDRICKSON
ELLIS ECKHOFF
DEAN DENNETT
Native Diver Fan Club

Los Angeles

WRONG CHERR

Sirs:

Thank you for sending me the July 19 edition of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* containing the article *Rubber Race at Ratzburg* by Mr. Hugh D. Whall. Unfortunately, this report is not entirely correct.

For instance, Mr. Whall writes, "Then the starting gun boomed. . . ." The crews were started, according to the rules of the FISA (Fédération Internationale des Sociétés d'Aviron), by the spoken command: "Elevez-vous! Poussez!"

Secondly, Mr. Whall notes, "None of the Germans had thought to offer [Vesper Coach Al] Rosenberg a place on the launch." I myself took Mr. Rosenberg and Assistant Coach Dietrich Rose in the regatta launch.

Finally, *nobels* in Ratzburg yelled the Nazi call "Sieg Heil!" Mr. Whall claims to have heard. Nobody but he heard the crowd roar "Heil!" in response. I wonder what Mr. Whall intends by this malicious lie.

KARL ADAM
Coach, Ratzburg Rowing Club-Crew
Ratzburg, West Germany

● *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* regrets that faulty translation by an interpreter and an un-

continues

1

**No. 1
choice
in the
Big 3**

TITLEIST

(And remember: nobody's paid to play Titleist.)

TOURNAMENT	PLAYING TITLEIST	PLAYING NEXT BALL
MASTERS	24	15
US OPEN	49	22
PGA	56	28
TOTAL	129	65



**ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS**

SOLD THRU GOLF COURSE PRO SHOPS ONLY

18TH HOLE *continued*

practiced ear combined to mistake the traditional and rapidly spoken German victory salute, "Zicke-zacke Zicke-zacke-Hei! Hei! Hei!" for the better remembered—and best forgotten—"Sieg Heil." Onetime Ratzeburger Dietrich Rose had taught the cheer to the Vesper crew which, with Rose leading, thus saluted the victorious German crew at the presentation of the prize. The "starting gun" was meant metaphorically. As for the launch incident, it is true that Coach Adam did invite Coach Rosenberg to accompany him on his boat, but only after a Vesper man had recommended German officials of the oversight.—ED.

HOW FAST?

Sirs:

You write off the death of a young Italian skier, Walter Musner, during the Cervinia Flying Kilometer Ski Race with the obtuse observation, "This sort of skiing is less a matter of skill than of aiming oneself in the right direction—straight down. It has about as much relation to competitive sport as going over Niagara Falls in a barrel" (SCORECARD, Aug. 9).

If this is so then what of downhill skiing or bobsledding? Does not Art Arfons employ skill in steering his jet-on-wheels as a straight line? And why do ski fliers, who seek distance over form, continue to try to shatter the 500-foot barrier?

Surely the quest to be the fastest man on skis (Musner's 166 mph when he crashed was very near the world ski-speed record) is just as competitive a sport as a race to see who is the fastest on wheels, on runners, on skates or on feet.

Arfons survived; Musner did not. I see no difference in the skill, courage or determination needed to break either record.

ELMAR BAXTER

Los Angeles

UNDAUNTED SCOUT

Sirs:

I just noticed in your June 21 article by Jack Mann, *Decline and Fall of a Dynasty*, that longtime Yankee Scout Bob Conners is reported dead. Not so. Bob Conners is very much alive and celebrated his 85th birthday on March 20 of this year. He has been in failing health the past two years but lives at the St. Paul Athletic Club most of the time. When he is there one can still hear him trading baseball and sports stories.

Chicago

C. R. CHABOUEN, M.D.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10020.

Time Inc. also publishes TIME, LIT., FORTUNE and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of TIME and LIT., Chairman of the Board, Andrew W. Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Sullivan; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brundage; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice President and Controller, John F. Harvey; Vice President, Charles A. Adams; Bernhard M. Auer, Rhett Austin, Edgar R. Baker, Charles B. Bear, Clay Backhouse, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Sidney L. James, Arthur W. Kaylor, Henry Luce III, Ralph D. Paine Jr., Weston C. Patten Jr., James R. Stapley, Assistant Controller and Assistant Secretary, Curtis C. Messenger; Assistant Treasurers, W. O. Davis, Evan S. Inghs, Richard B. McKeough.

Sports Illustrated

SUBSCRIPTION
SERVICE

Please include a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED label to insure prompt service whenever you write about your subscription.

MAIL TO:
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
140 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60601,
Charles A. Adams, Gen'l Mgr.

TO SUBSCRIBE
mail this form with your payment,
check one:
☐ new subscription. ☐ renew my subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. \$7.50.
All other subscriptions: 1 yr. \$10.00.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

attach label here

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Please maintain address label here: Print your new address below. If you have a separate label for your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name _____
address _____
city _____ state _____ zip code _____

The Thrill of the Safari in my Backyard



The doctor, rhyming his report, advised this chap to take up sport. Our hero, psunchy but estute, picked up a BB gun to shoot. Helped by his fierce Chihuahue dog, he ewiggled his gin and begged his frog

by RAY CONAWAY

Sometimes, when I'm waiting my turn in the barbershop or a dentist's office, I'll pick up a copy of one of the outdoors magazines and look through it. I like to read the true-experience articles, like the one about the hunter who went out for a prowl in the woods with a .410-gauge shotgun and who, after he had shot up all of his shells but one—and that one was damp from a leaking canteen—walked into a clearing and saw across it a rabid peccary, frothing at the mouth and ready to charge. It was what the zoologists call a white-lipped peccary—and at that point I was a bit white-lipped myself. I like these articles because, as they say these days, I can identify with them.

My wild life began with a visit to a doctor for a physical examination when I was 45 years old. He told me: "The tests have all been taken, the lab reports are in. In simple layman's language: you're drinking too much gin."

"I take a hell of a lot of umbrage at that statement, Doctor. Which do you think you are doing: composing or diagnosing?"

"Both. C. P. Snow calls it the Third Culture."

"Well, I'll tell you what. Why don't you send my bill to C. P. Snow?"

"Now, now, now. Don't get excited. I'm addicted to coquetry, the way you are to gin. I am, you should know, an identical twin."

I got up to leave. I didn't at all like his complacent, love-me-live-my-doggerel manner. I said: "A man in my run-down condition wants something more from his physician than badly scanned iambic verse. I am already feeling worse. Physician, heal thyself! Beware: I may resort to Medicare. Who's getting all the therapy from consultation—you or me? And which of us collects the fee?"

He knew he had met his match and said, "Turn it off, man. Sit down, please. You are drinking too much, and you need to get some exercise. Is there anything at all that requires some physical exertion that you do like to do?"

"I used to like yoga, but I could never get in the lotus position, so I gave it up."

"What about fishing? Or hunting?"

Suddenly I remembered the look and smell of the woods in the early morning when my father and I went hunting 30 years before; the quiet, and then the rattle of a squirrel in the top of a tree. I felt a nostalgia all the way to my toes. "Maybe I could start hunting again," I said slowly.

"Do, by all means," the doctor said. "I think it would be very good for you."

I thought of what the doctor had told me, and of hunting, all the way home. But there were problems. I lived in a city now, not a small town as I did when I was young, and hunting would not be the simple thing it was then, when my father and I could drive a few miles out of town and be on the property of some friendly farmer where we could hunt all we wanted. I would have to find a place to hunt, I would have to investigate the game laws and buy equipment and find the time—it appeared to be almost insolubly complex.

But that night I found the answer. I was watching television, and there was a sports show on where a man was giving a demonstration of shooting with a BB gun without closing one eye and sighting. He had the sights taken off the gun, and he kept both eyes open, and he was remarkably accurate, hitting aspirin tablets and toothpaste-tube caps every time from a distance of about 20 feet.

The next morning I went down to the hardware store in the neighborhood and bought a BB gun and then took it over to my next-door neighbor and got him to cut the sights off with a hacksaw. When he got the barrel smoothed off, I took it back to the house and loaded it

continued

**When
you
mix
with**

CINZANO

**you mix
with
the best!**

ITALIAN SWEET VERMOUTH

EXTRA-DRY FRENCH VERMOUTH

HUNSON & SHAW CO. DIST. IMPORTERS U.S.A.

Heuer's finest Chronograph: AUTAVIA \$119.50

We designed this chronograph to be the ultimate in usefulness for the active sportsman. Be you yachtsman, pilot or fast driver, here's what it has. Luminous hands, easy to read day or night. Black dial to set off the three inner registers. Large buttons, you can push them with your diving or ski gloves on. Waterproof to 330 feet underwater and airtight to 33,000 feet up (as long as crystal, crown and stainless steel case are intact). Incubator shock absorber, unbreakable mainspring, 17-jewel movement and antimagnetic. Just about everything we can think of to make it the best, most convenient chronograph for the active, time-conscious sportsman.

Curious how it works? First of all it is a wrist-watch with a small second hand at 5 o'clock. What else? Press the upper button and the big sweep second hand takes off. It drives a 30-minute and a 12-hour register at 3 and 6 o'clock. Stop the action with a second push on the upper button. Then a choice. Restart with yet another push (perhaps you didn't want to include a gas stop in your total running time). Or if you're ready to measure something new, press the lower button to reset the sweep and big registers to zero.

Extra feature: Outer bezel rotates for quick, easy reference to upcoming minutes or seconds. Or, optionally at no extra cost, the bezel can be calibrated in hours to show time of day in another time zone.

Heuer specializes in stopwatches... for over 100 years. Return in one year with receipt for full refund if not satisfied. If your Heuer Dealer doesn't have it, send check or money order to Heuer Time Corporation, 4615 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.



Heuer Autavia



RUSH AUTAVIA to me. I enclose my check/money order for \$119.50.

☐ 50 min. bezel ☐ 12 hour bezel

Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ Send catalog

Backyard Safari *continued*

with a tube of BBs, and then I went out in the backyard to practice.

I practiced every day for several days and got so I could do the instinctive kind of shooting I had seen on television, and I decided it was time to stop the practice and start the hunting.

It was on a Sunday evening that I began. I put on a pair of shorts and an old pair of loafers and a T-shirt and made myself a drink. I took the gun and a tube of BBs and the drink and went out on the patio in the backyard and sat down in a deck chair and started looking around for game.

One came out from behind the house about 10 minutes later. I spotted it on its very first spring, when it lit near a gardenia bush.

Very slowly and quietly I put down my drink, picked the gun off my lap, cocked it slowly, put it to my shoulder and fired; the BB was short about six inches, but it was on target laterally, and the nococtet stung the frog's left hind leg. It made two more springs and started back behind the corner of the house. I got one more shot at it when it was in the air on the second spring but failed to score a hit.

I felt exhilarated by the encounter and went back inside and fixed another drink. I knew from my reading about other hunters that it was the right thing to do.

My wife was at the sink peeling potatoes. "Any luck?" she asked.

"A big one. Beautiful specimen. I hit it on the leg the first shot, but I missed it the second, and it got away."

"Well, now don't get discouraged," she said. "Remember, you're getting the exercise the doctor said you needed, even if you don't get any game."

I laughed. "Don't worry, honey. I feel wonderful. The old thrill is there, and I'll get my share of game before I'm through."

I was pleased at the way she looked at me as I went back out in the yard. It was the first time she had looked at me that way for a long time, and I guessed it was in response to the streak of elemental man that was showing in my behavior. Women like hunters.

These hunting sessions became my weekend custom. Every Saturday and Sunday evening at 5:30 I would put on my hunting clothes, get my BB gun and a drink and go to the deck chair on the patio and wait for the frogs to come out. During the periods when there were no frogs in sight I would shoot wasps and

dragonflies, and sometimes flies, to keep my hand in and my eyes sharp.

The only change I made in the setup was to buy a dog to retrieve the shot game and to keep me company, because it got so that it was lonely out there in the back with nothing but the sound of the neighbors' air conditioners and the occasional scream of a cookout chef when he got impatient and threw gasoline on the grill.

So I bought a Chihuahua retriever. I named him Moeztuma because he had a proud Aztec way about him.

Moeztuma turned out to be a marvelous hunting companion. I taught him to sit without moving a muscle by the side of my chair while I was watching and shooting; after I had shot the quarry and it appeared to be dead, I would command him to retrieve it by saying, "Oll," and he would be off like a streak to the carcass of the frog or the wasp or whatever it was, which he would pick up and bring back and put down by the side of my chair where I would examine it for

the results of my marksmanship and also for its taxidermic possibilities to see if it was a decent enough specimen to go on the wall of my trophy room.

Moeztuma was a wonderfully courageous dog. There was one time when I commanded him to retrieve a large wasp that I had hit, and he darted out to pick it up. But the wasp had only been stunned, and while it was in the mouth of Moeztuma on the trip back it regained consciousness and stung him on the tongue. The dog didn't even break stride when he was stung, but after he had spit it out by the side of the chair he fainted. By the time I could get him to the veterinarian his tongue was swollen to three times its normal size, and neither the vet nor I thought he would pull through. But he did, and after 10 days of convalescence he was back by my side, retrieving as faithfully as ever—even wasps.

It was Moeztuma who saved my life. It happened on a Saturday, after we had a week of heavy rains that had increased

the frog population to the point where they were more aggressive than usual, almost cocky. I was late in starting to hunt this day because of a business engagement, so that when I was finally able to take my stand on the patio it was 6:30 and growing dark.

Just a few minutes after I sat down I saw one small frog at the end of the yard, farther than the gun would carry accurately, but I snapped a shot at it anyway. I don't think I hit it. As I took the gun down from my shoulder to cock it I couldn't hear any BBs rolling down the barrel, and I realized that I was out of ammunition.

I reached down beside my chair to get a fresh tube of BBs, and as I did so I saw coming around the corner of the house the biggest frog that I had ever seen. It was pellet-gun or even .22-rifle size, a magnificent specimen, its gray-green skin glistening slimily in the light from a window. And then I noticed something that caused me to get very cold in the region of the gut: it was star-

continued



winners THAT-a-way

New Jersey Racing continues at Atlantic City

NOW thru OCTOBER 12

Come share the thrills! See the leading thoroughbreds race on the main track and America's finest grass course. Enjoy outdoor dining with full view. Reserve the luxurious United Nations Room for private parties. Superhighways, trains and busses direct to track. 16,000 parking spaces.

ATLANTIC CITY RACE COURSE

Black Horse Pike at Route 40

For Special Group Plans telephone 641-2190 (Area Code 609)



FRUG

LIKE FRANTIC IN

MEADOWFIELD SLACKS

Slacks to shake up a storm in. Trim, tapered, to the point. Five fabulous styles. Many "in" colors. By Sweet-Orr.

even if
it's not
his birthday,
wouldn't
he like
a gift
of
Sports
Illustrated?

Big in color. Big in surprises. Big in best wishes. And so easy to give. Just send us his name and address (and yours, too, please). Tell us how you wish the gift card signed. We'll bill you after the subscription starts. (Note: A single subscription costs \$7.50; if you order two or more at the same time, the cost is just \$6 for each one, including the first!)

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
540 North Michigan Avenue
Dept. 4045
Chicago, Illinois 60611



Backyard Safari *continued*

ing at me unblinkingly and malevolently, and its lips were working in a way that I have seen the lips of gluttons work when they are being served a steak.

Very slowly, so I wouldn't startle it, I reached for the BBs, got hold of the tube of them, brought it back and tried to open it with my thumbnail. I finally got the top pried up far enough for the BBs to come out, and then, still doing everything in the slowest of slow motion, I brought the end of the rifle barrel in to where I could unscrew the tip and open the hole in the barrel where it is reloaded.

for, the frog maneuvered him to the rear and gave him a powerful kick with its hind leg that sent the dog skidding across the rough surface of the patio up against a Spanish dagger plant that my wife had planted at the edge, and I thought for a second that he had been impaled on one of the leaves. But no. He missed the point and went back at the frog in a charge of such ferocity that the frog was knocked off the patio, and they resumed the fight on the grass, rolling and snapping and kicking until, with one mighty leap, the frog broke it off



But the sound of the first BB going into the barrel apparently warned the frog, for it sprang in a tremendous leap that brought it within four feet of me, where it sat for a moment, twisting and writhing slightly like a cat, preparing for its next spring, which would land it on my throat.

I panicked then and dropped the BBs, and I shrieked two words through the choking in my throat that I always shriek when I am terrified, "Holy Mother!"

No sooner had the "Holy" left my mouth than I saw springing from my side at the giant frog my Chihuahua retriever, Moteezuma. He went straight for the working and drooling lips of the frog, and for the next two minutes I watched there on the patio the greatest animal fight that I had ever seen.

The frog and the dog wrestled and snapped and tore at each other, the dog's growling low and vicious, the frog's bleating the echo of the blood-lust cry of some prehistoric ancestor.

Once I thought Moteezuma was done

and went under the fence into the next yard.

Moteezuma stood trembling and tousled at the spot, but his baying was a trumpet sound of victory.

I came out of the trance that I had been in and walked to him on quivering legs and picked him up by the ears and told him that he had probably saved my life. He lowered his eyes modestly—rather overdoing it, I thought.

It simply shows you how careless a hunter can get, and how lucky this one was. I should never have allowed myself to shoot the gun out of ammunition with night coming on, and if Moteezuma had not mistaken the sound of the word "Holy" that I shrieked, and thought it was "Oh!" he undoubtedly would have sat through the frog's attack on me, because that is the way that I have trained and disciplined him.

I can tell you that when I go hunting now I have two BB guns, one of which is always fully loaded and cocked and lying by my side.

END



Prince Edward Island

CANADA

In autumn, some come just for the golf



Summer carries on the Island, ignores the calendar and graciously extends the warmth of midsummer days into September and October. Under sunny azure skies, the province's golf courses retain their green, dew-kissed freshness. The Island's 18-hole championship courses remain open to visitors throughout the autumn. Green fees are modest and play is relaxed and unhurried, the fairways uncrowded. Many choose an Island vacation in the fall simply for the golf.

But there's more, of course. P.E.I. resort life is made of solid comfort, good food and genuine hospitality. People come to the Island to enjoy the unspoiled beauty of its pastoral countryside, the hunting season (for partridge, ducks and geese), and for trout and deep-sea fishing.

P.E.I. is within easy driving distance of the eastern seaboard. Five modern car ferries bring you from the mainland in about an hour's run. Accommodation is plentiful, and ranges from tent and trailer sites to housekeeping cottages and motels in the resort areas.

Our vacation package will tell you more. Send for it today. (P. S. The Island is practically hay-fever free!)

The garden of the gulf

The Director, Prince Edward Island
Travel Bureau, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
Canada.

Please send vacation package to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE _____

ZIP CODE _____



Photographed at Sandy Cay in the Bahamas

People write us every day.

Even though we export to 139 countries we might miss a place or two. If so—don't hesitate to write. Carlsberg is an extraordinary beer; a mellow, flavorful beer. We have been brewing beer for over 116 years. But it still takes four months to create Carlsberg.

Have one today and enjoy Carlsberg—the glorious beer of Copenhagen, Denmark. Enjoy Carlsberg even more with a set of six official Carlsberg quaffing glasses for only \$4.00. Write Carlsberg Quaffers, A.D.M.A., P.O. Box 65, Ozone Park, New York, 11431.

Great American Knits

*Du Pont a registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.



Favorites for Fall—deep and thick brushed knits in 80's *ORLON*® acrylics, 40% cashmere. New in the lightweight, lightweight acrylics. The way they stay in shape. Look like new through wash and wear. Left: Diamond-patterned cardigan, 9-M-L-XL. About \$15-19. Right: Cardigan, 12-20. About \$15-19.

*MUNSINGWEAR gives knits the bold brush:
Rich new look in ORLON®*



Better Things for Better Living through Chemistry



Huddle—First team styling! Pedwin's famous soft moc in supple, Antique Golden Grain. Handsewn vamp for extra comfort—and an expensive look. Yet the price is right, as it is on all Pedwins at your Pedwin store.

© 1984 Pedwin Shoe Co. 10/84

Most Pedwin styles are \$10 to \$15.

pedwin.
young ideas in shoes

QUALITY AT YOUR FEET



BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS